



BATMAN

No.136

JUNE

TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Another
BATMAN
ADVENTURE!

Gotham Gazette

GOTHAM CITY

Four Sections

VOL. XLIV - NO. 228

SCARFACE CARSON, STILL AT LARGE, DEFIES BATMAN

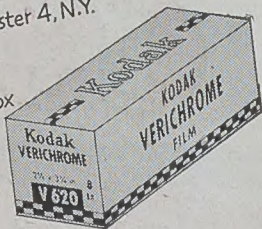
KILLER VOWS HE
WILL NOT BE
TAKEN ALIVE



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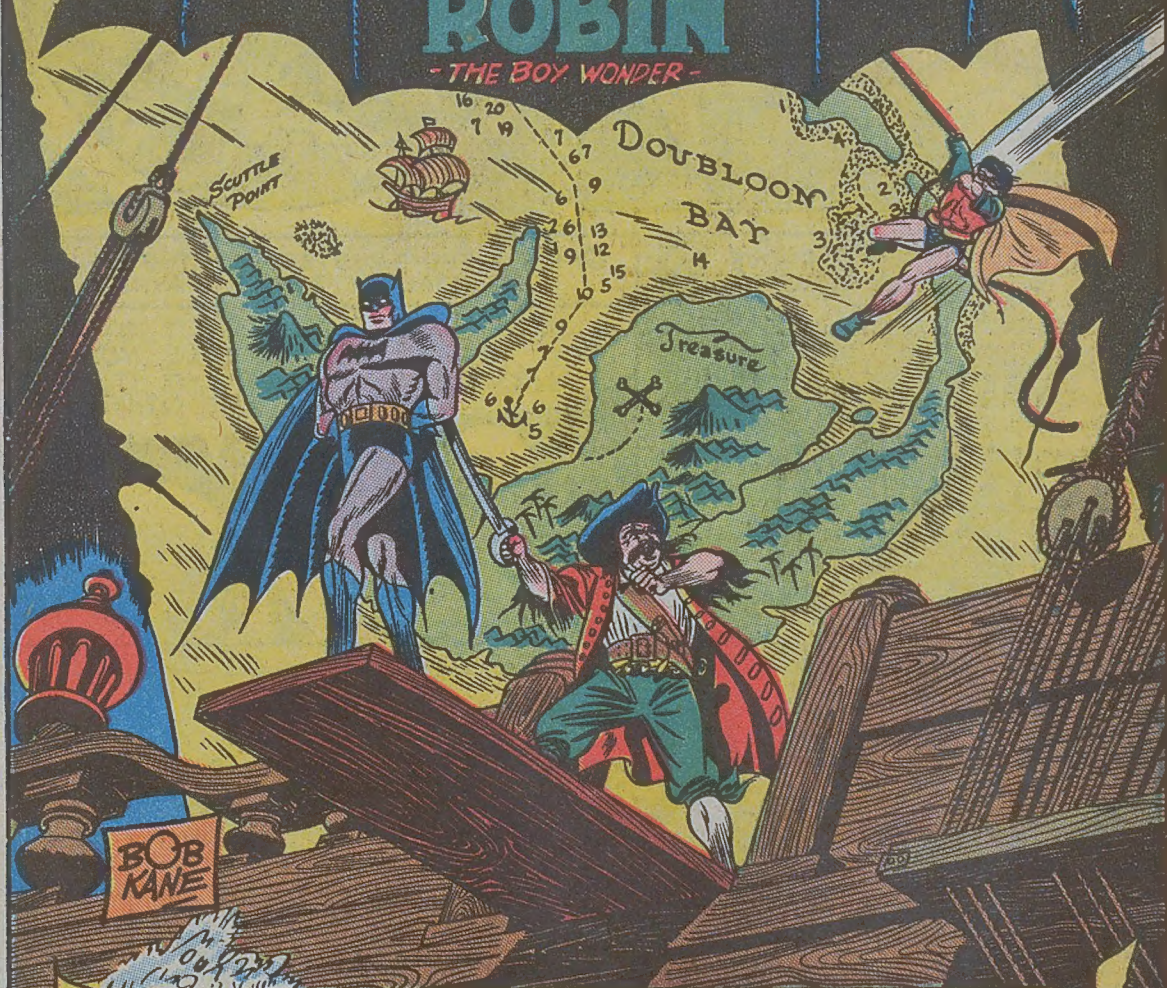
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Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADE MARK

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



LET'S GO BACK... BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE SPANISH MAIN... WHEN PIRATE SHIPS ROAMED THE SEA LANES AND HENRY MORGAN WAS THE MOST INFAMOUS BUCCANEER OF HIS TIMES! LET'S GO BACK... AND SEE ROBIN CHAINED TO A GALLEY... AND BATMAN WALKING THE PLANK? LET'S GO BACK AND BURY PIRATE LOOT... AND DISCOVER THE TREASURE HIDDEN IN — **"THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST!"**

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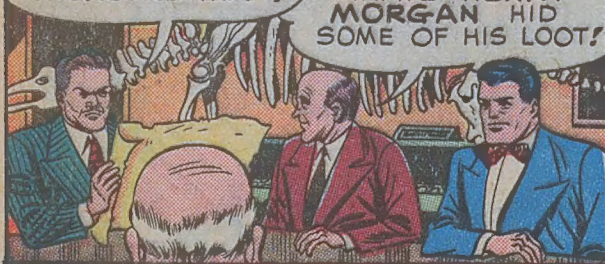
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Printed in U.S.A.

THE CURATOR OF THE GOTHAM MUSEUM IS CALLED BEFORE A SPECIAL SESSION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES...

MR. HOLLIS, ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND YOU SPENT MUSEUM FUNDS TO BUY THIS SUPPOSED TREASURE MAP?

I DID! I BELIEVE IT IS AN AUTHENTIC MAP TELLING WHERE THE PIRATE HENRY MORGAN HID SOME OF HIS LOOT!



THIS MAP IS A FAKE! EXPERTS TELL ME IT IS NOT IN THE WRITING OF MORGAN!

BUT CONSIDER THE AGE OF THE PARCHMENT... THE TYPE OF INK...



HOLLIS, UNLESS YOU PROVE THAT IS AUTHENTIC, WE WILL DEMAND YOUR RESIGNATION! WE CANNOT AFFORD TO EMPLOY CURATORS WHO SPEND THE MUSEUM'S MONEY FOR FAKES!



ONE OF THE TRUSTEES IS THE YOUNG SOCIALITE, BRUCE WAYNE...

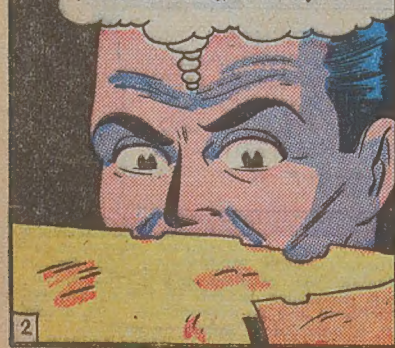
I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MAP YET, HOLLIS...

HERE IT IS! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL LAUGH AT IT LIKE THE OTHERS!



BUT INSTEAD, BRUCE IS THUNDERSTRUCK BY AN ASTONISHING FACT...

THIS IS MY HANDWRITING!



April 16, 1667—
"After encountering the merchant ship, 'Spartan,' we set sail for Isle 7 in the New World and there, I, Captain Henry Morgan, did bury my loot."

LATER... BRUCE DISCUSSES THE PUZZLE WITH HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

I KNOW MY OWN WRITING... THE WAY I CROSS A "T"... THE SLANT OF THE "H"... BUT SUPPOSE IF THE MAP IS A FAKE, SOMEONE FORGED MY HANDWRITING? THE MAP IS REAL? THAT WOULD MEAN YOU WROTE IT- IN THE PAST!

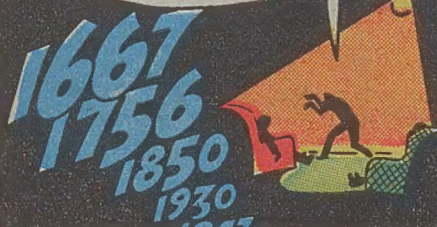


THEN WE MUST HAVE PROFESSOR NICHOLS SEND US BACK IN TIME AS HE'S DONE BEFORE! WE MUST GO BACK- TO CLEAR UP AN AGE-OLD MYSTERY!



LATER... THE PROFESSOR'S UNCANNY TIME-HYPNOSIS WEAVES ITS SPELL...

BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON... YOU ARE ASLEEP... YOU ARE GOING BACK... BACK TO APRIL 16, 1667... TO THE MERCHANT SHIP, SPARTAN ... BACK ... BACK...



BACK... BACK TO A SUDDEN AWAKENING ON THE HEAVING DECK OF A WOODEN SAILING- VESSEL...

ON YOUR FEET, YOU WRETCHES! I'LL FETCH THE CAPTAIN!



STOWAWAYS, SIR?

WHAT STRANGE GARMENTS THEY WEAR! HMM-MM! WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!

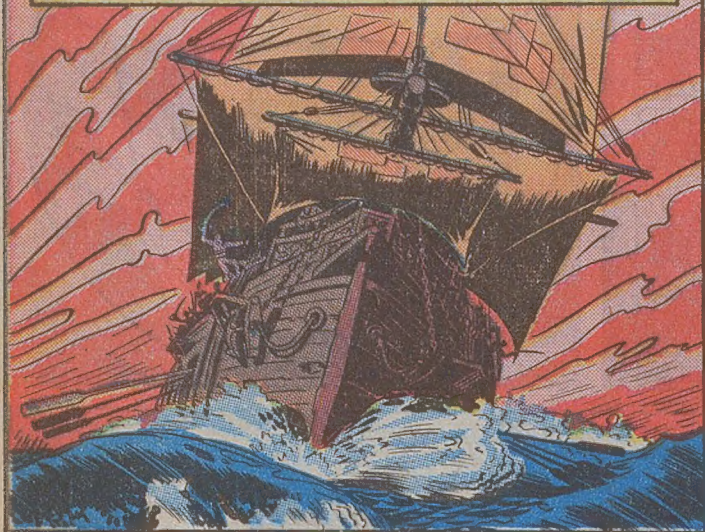


SUDDENLY THE STOWAWAYS ARE FORGOTTEN AS A DREAD CRY COMES FROM THE LOOKOUT...



A VESSEL OFF THE STARBOARD BOW! IT FLIES THE JOLLY ROGER! PIRATES!

AND FROM THE HORIZON, RUSHING AT THEM WITH THE FURY OF A GALE, LOOMS A PIRATE SHIP AND ITS CREW OF CUTTHROATS!



THEN THE AIR THUNDERS AS THE SHIPS LOOSE CRASHING BROADSIDES OF CANNONFIRE!



DECKS ARE CLEARED FOR ACTION... AND IN AN EMPTY CABIN, THE STOWAWAYS FOLLOW SUIT!

REMEMBER, ROBIN ... BE CAREFUL! THESE PIRATES ARE VICIOUS! THEY HAVE NO CODE OF FAIR PLAY!

I'LL WATCH MYSELF, BATMAN!



LOOK, SIR... THE PIRATE SHIP IS SLACKENING SAIL! THAT GIVES THEM AN ADVANTAGE! THEY WON'T HAVE TO WASTE TIME WITH RIGGING AND SAIL! THEY WILL RELY ON THE GALLEY OARS FOR MANEUVERS!



THE SHIPS ARE HOOKED TOGETHER—AND THE RUTHLESS BUCCANEERS WASH OVER THE MERCHANTMAN LIKE AN EVIL TIDE!



AS THE PIRATE CRAFT MOVES INTO RANGE, ITS CREW HEAVES GREAT GRAPPLING IRONS...



THEN MINGLING ODDLY WITH THE CRASH OF MUSKET AND CLASH OF CUTLASS—A WAR CRY FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!



BATMAN IN COMBAT!



BUT, INEVITABLY, THE SEAMEN GIVE WAY BEFORE THE SAVAGE PIRATE HORDE, AND A SWAGGERING FIGURE ROARS AN ULTIMATUM!

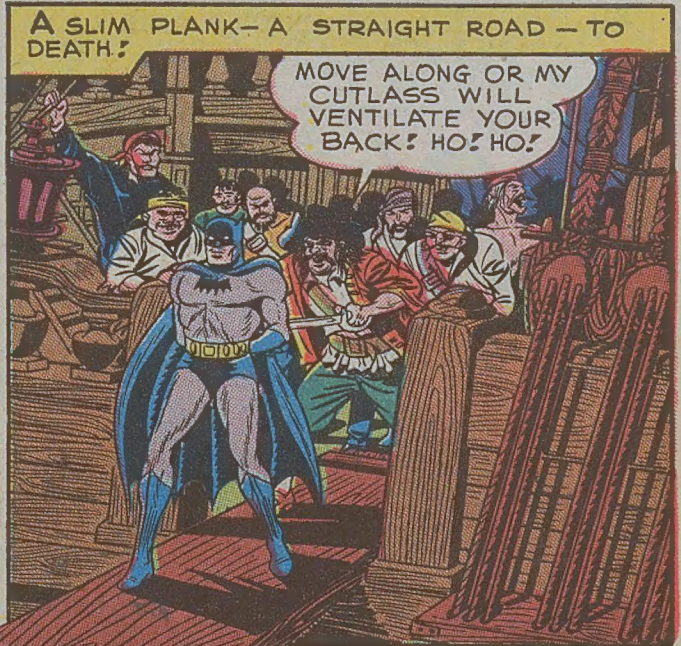
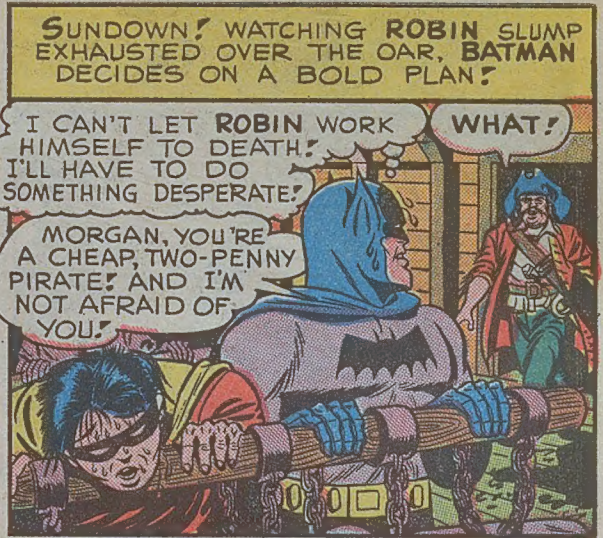
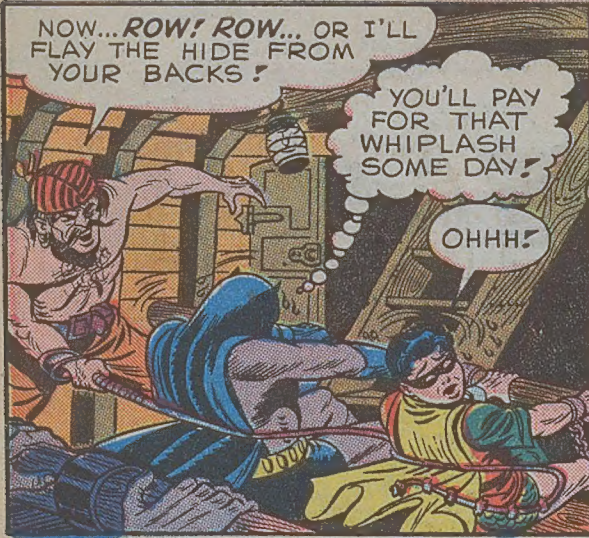


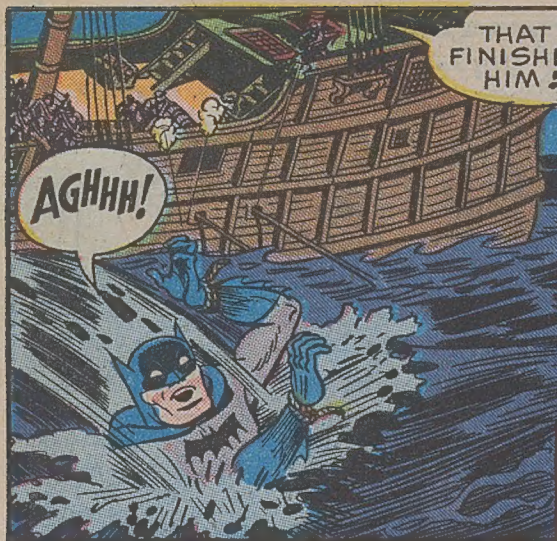
AT THAT DREAD NAME, THE SAILORS DROP THEIR ARMS IN TERROR!



LATER... A DRAMATIC MOMENT AS GALLANT BATMAN AND ROBIN BECOME GALLEY SLAVES!

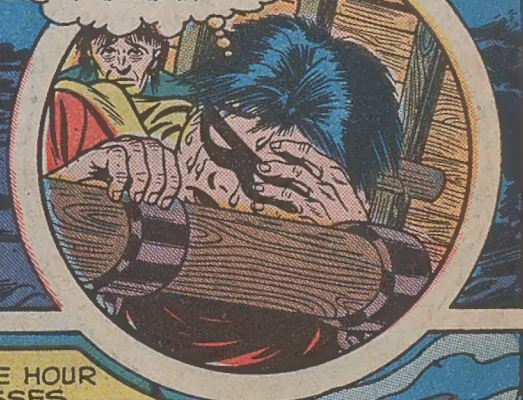






THAT
FINISHED
HIM!

THOSE SHOTS...
BATMAN'S DEAD?
WHY DID HE DEFEY
MORGAN?



ONE HOUR
PASSES...
WHEN ON DECK...

MEANWHILE, THE SINISTER PIRATE
GLOATS OVER HIS LOOT...

AYE! THIS IS GOOD PLUNDER!
I'VE ALREADY HIDDEN FIVE
CHESTS OF LOOT AROUND
THE WORLD!
NOW... WHERE
SHALL I BURY
THIS CHEST?
HMM..MM...



LOOK... A
GALLEON
APPROACHES!

AYE,
AND SHE
LOOKS LIKE
SHE CARRIES
A RICH CARGO!
GUNNERS!
STAND
BY!

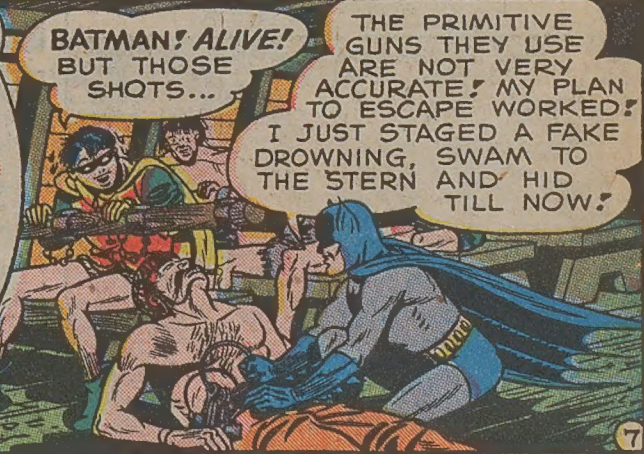


MEANWHILE... THE MERCILESS
TIME-KEEPER LOOKS UP — INTO
A SPEEDING FIST!

JUST A LITTLE
PAYMENT FOR
THAT
WHIPLASH!

BATMAN! ALIVE!
BUT THOSE
SHOTS...

THE PRIMITIVE
GUNS THEY USE
ARE NOT VERY
ACCURATE! MY PLAN
TO ESCAPE WORKED!
I JUST STAGED A FAKE
DROWNING, SWAM TO
THE STERN AND HID
TILL NOW!



SOON AFTER... YOU'RE FREE NOW THAT I'VE LOOSED YOUR SHACKLES, BUT KEEP ROWING SO MORGAN WON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING! COME ON, ROBIN... LET'S HAVE A COUNCIL OF WAR!

THE TWO SEARCH THE HOLD AND FIND—

SULPHUR!

JUST THE THING! QUICK... GET SOME FLAMING BRANDS!

ON DECK, THE PIRATES ENGAGE THE GALLEON IN BATTLE WHEN SUDDENLY...

BRIMSTONE FUMES! (COUGH) SOMEONE'S SET THE SULPHUR AFIRE! UHH... MY EYES... CAN'T (CHOKE) SEE?

NOW, MEN OF THE GALLEY—CLOSE IN?

AYE, BATMAN! WE'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THESE VILLAINS WHO MADE US SLAVES!

SMASHED BY THE GALLEON'S CANNON, AMBUSHED BY THE GALLEY CREW, THE PIRATES HAVE ONLY ONE RECOURSE—RETREAT!

FALL AWAY! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

SEIZING THEIR LAST CHANCE, THE GALLEY SLAVES DIVE TO FREEDOM!

SWIM FOR THE GALLEON! LET US HOPE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE WITH US!

BUT WHAT OF THE GALLANT DUO?

I CAN'T LEAVE! IF I DO, I'LL NEVER KNOW ABOUT THE TREASURE MAP! BUT I CAN'T RISK **YOUR** LIFE! GET GOING, **ROBIN!**

I'M STAYING! WE'LL HIDE BEHIND THESE BARRELS!



LATER...AS THE WOUNDED PRIVATEER LIMPS ALONG A SEA LANE...

TOSS OUR DEAD OVER THE SIDE! THAT GALLEON'S TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL!

AYE! WE'RE IN A BAD WAY! OUR FOREMAST IS DOWN AND WE'RE SHIPPING WATER FAST!



AT THAT MOMENT...
DISCOVERY!

CAPTAIN MORGAN! COME QUICK! IT'S **BATMAN** OR HIS GHOST!

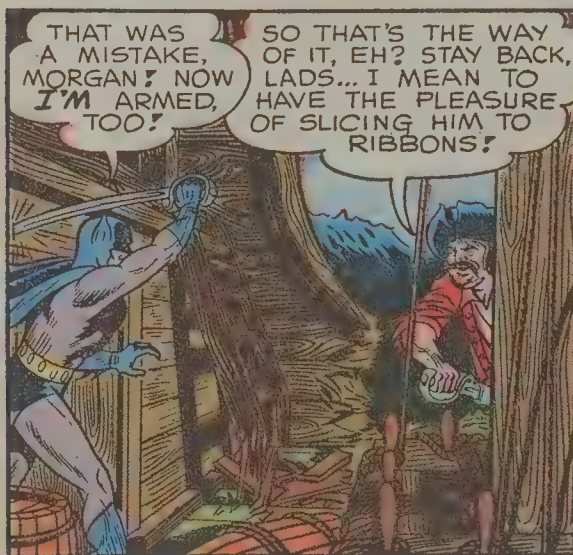


WE'LL SOON SEE IF STEEL WILL PASS THROUGH THIS "GHOST"!

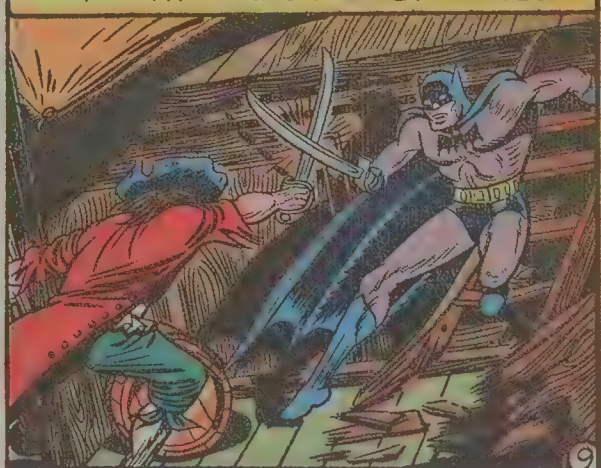


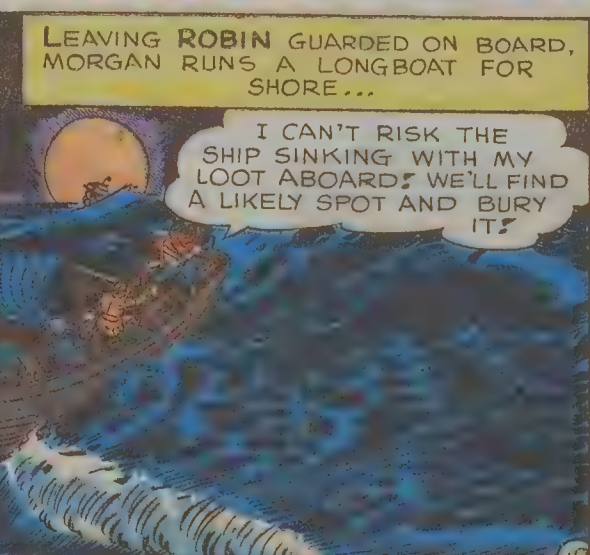
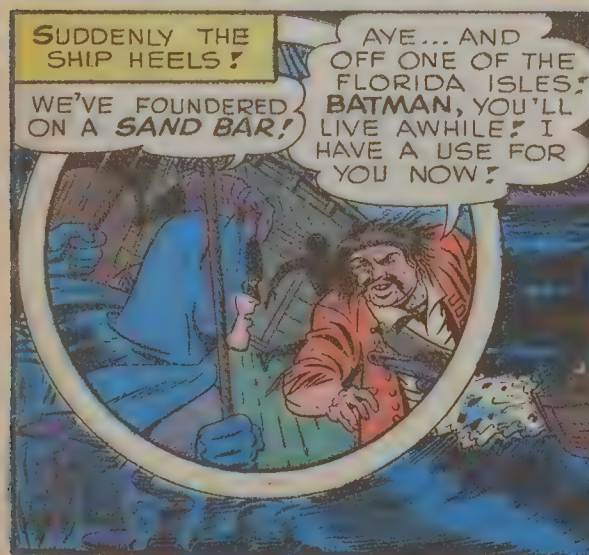
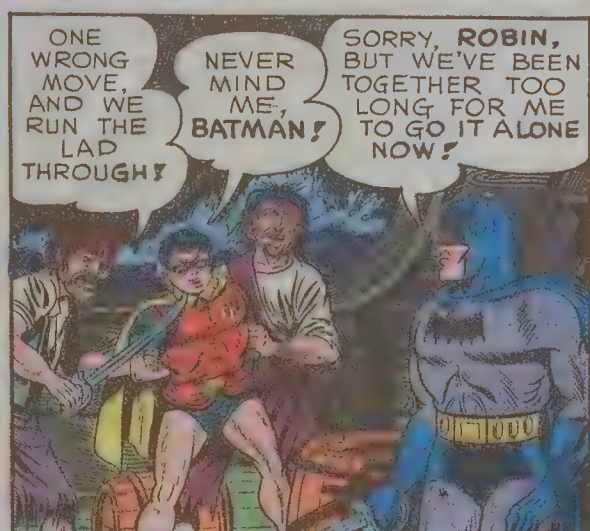
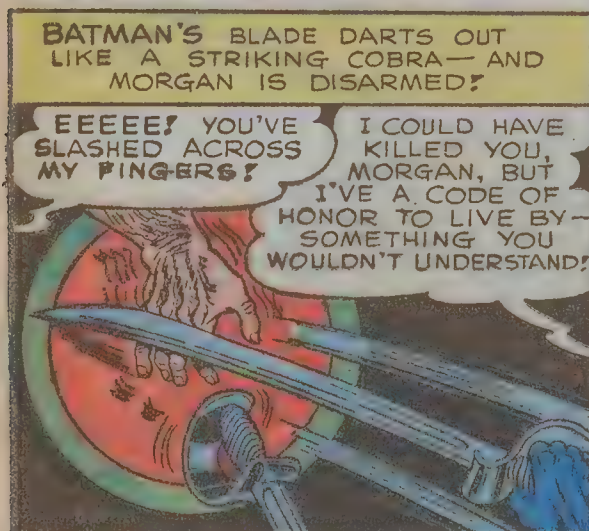
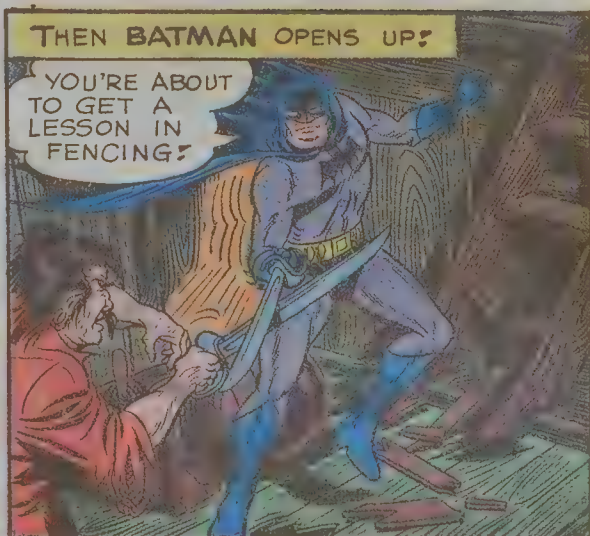
THAT WAS A MISTAKE, MORGAN! NOW **I'M** ARMED, TOO!

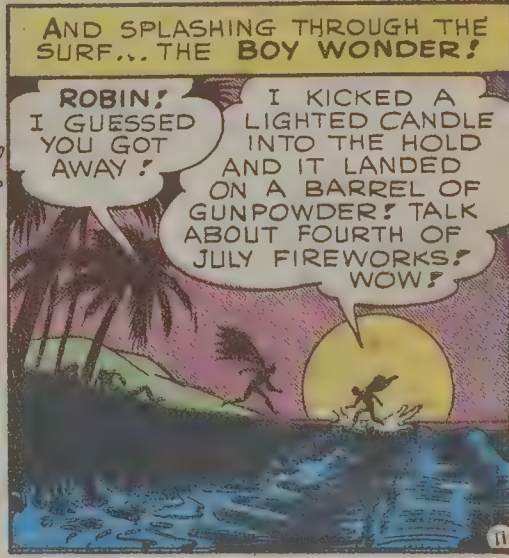
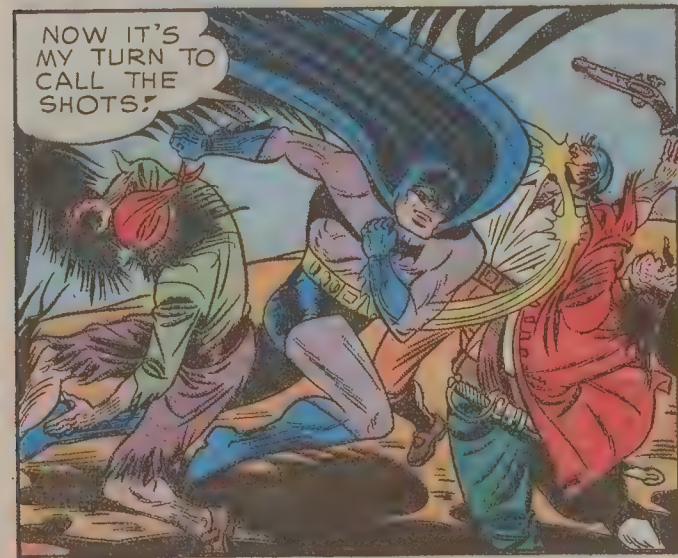
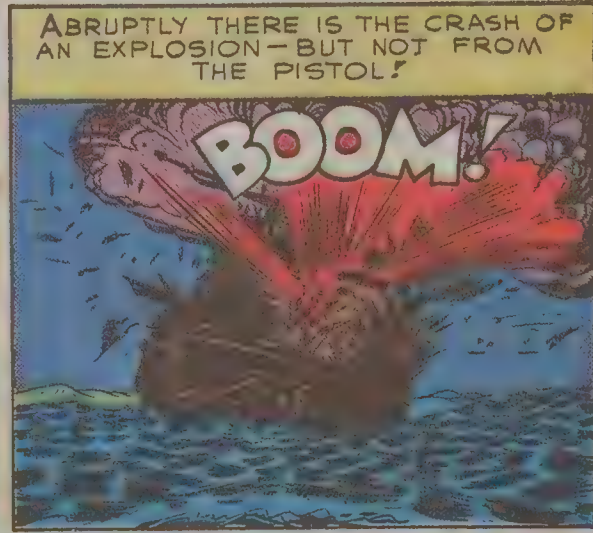
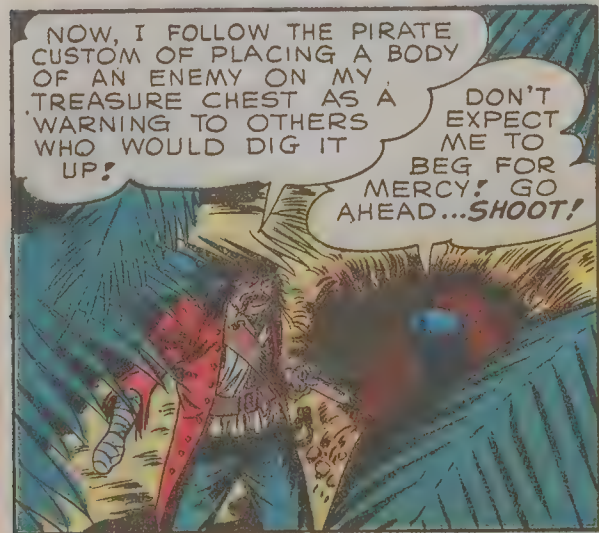
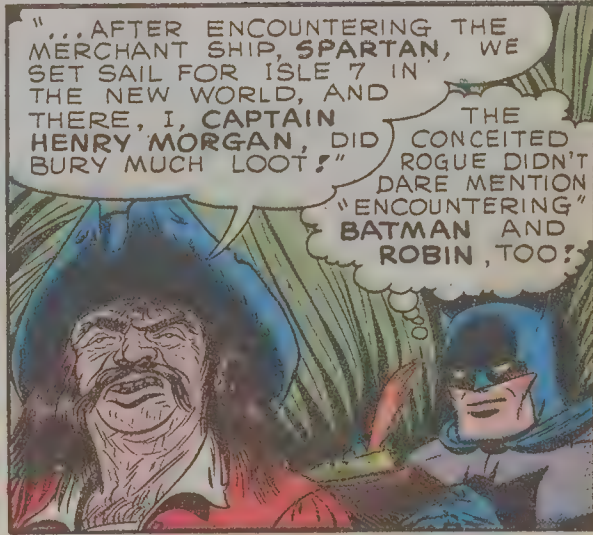
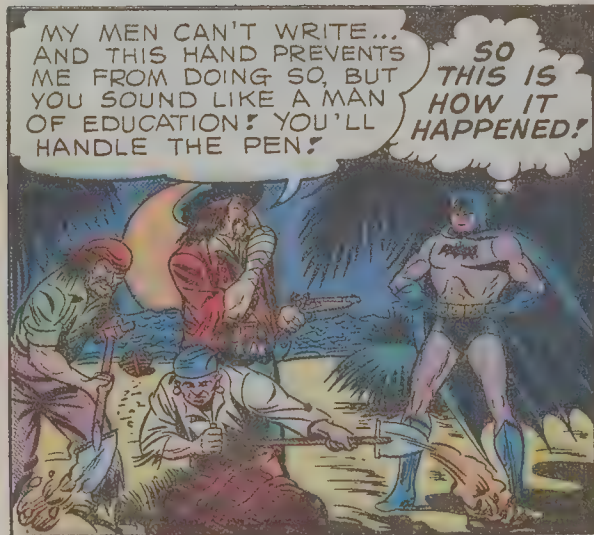
SO THAT'S THE WAY OF IT, EH? STAY BACK, LADS... I MEAN TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SLICING HIM TO RIBBONS!

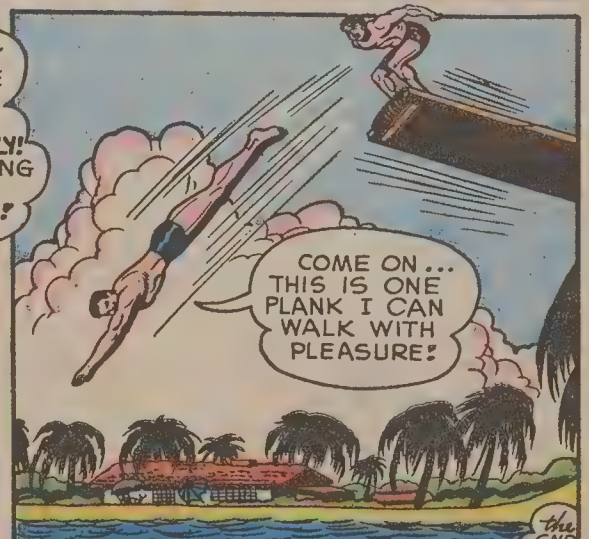
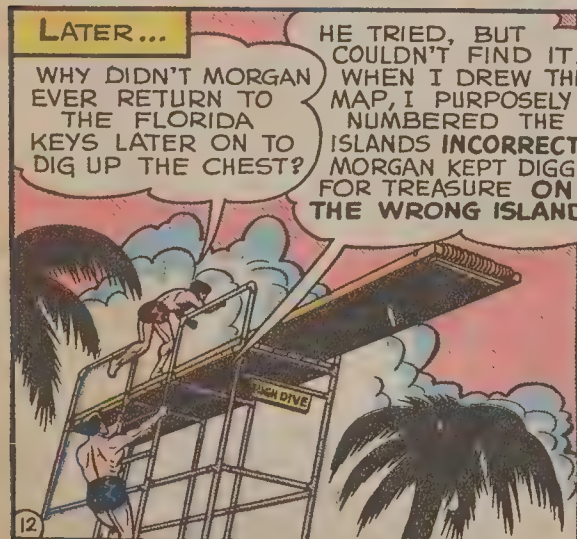
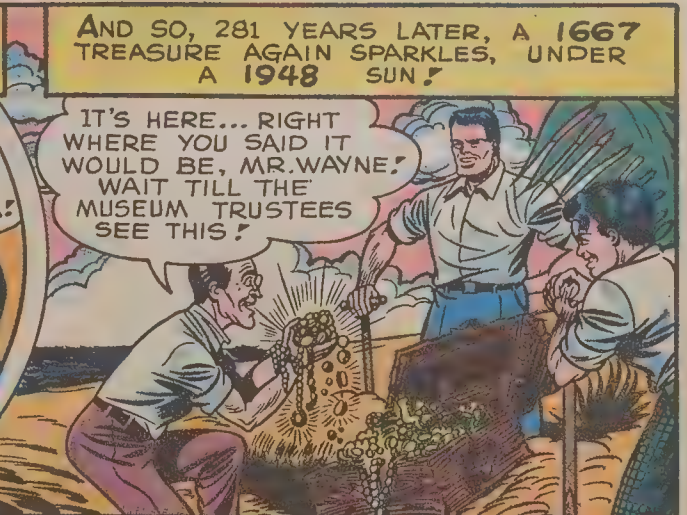
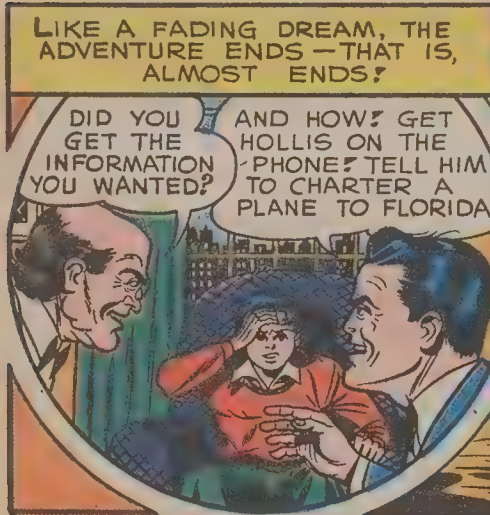


THE TWO MEET, TEST THEIR STRENGTH, AND THEN ARE AT IT AS THE DECK RINGS WITH THE CLASH OF STEEL!









"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**FOILING THE
LUNATIC'S
REVENGE**



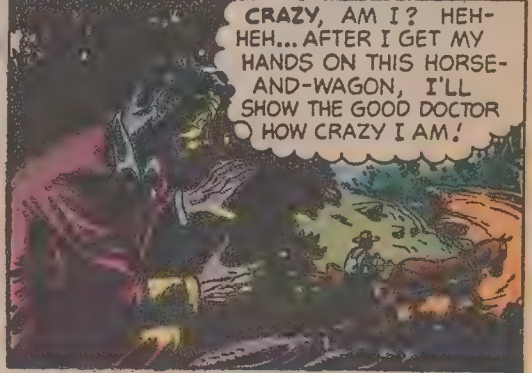
DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

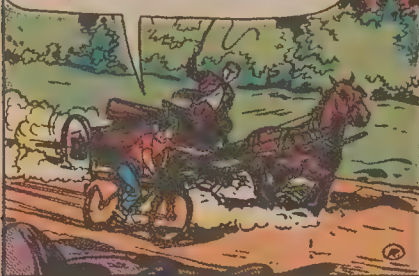


THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

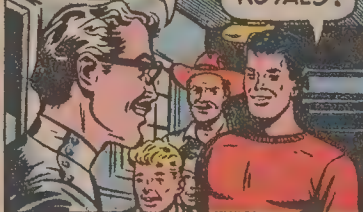
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

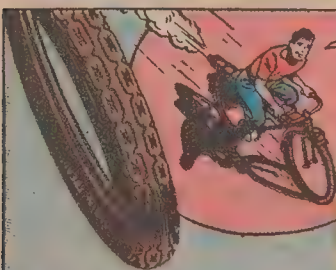
GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

OLD NICK
Schutter's
Richest Milk Chocolate

IN THE NICK OF TIME

JINXES A JAIL BREAKER

BULLETS! HEY—THAT WENT RIGHT THROUGH MY DELICIOUS OLD NICK CANDY BAR!

BANG!

BANG!

I'M A PRISON OFFICER. AN ESCAPED PRISONER RAN THIS WAY! SEE HIM?

NO—BUT YOU RUINED MY HAT AND LOOK AT MY OLD NICK BAR! SAY, I BET YOU PRISON OFFICERS SURE NEED A GUN LIKE THAT WITH ALL THOSE PRISONERS IN THE CELL BLOCK

YOU SAID IT! GOTTA HAVE THEM ON US ABSOLUTELY ALL THE TIME, PARTICULARLY THERE

?!?

WH-WHAT! O-U-U!

THAT FOR YOU, MY LYING FRIEND!

HIS ANSWER TOLD ME THAT HE WAS A FAKE AND NO DOUBT A CROOK!

YOU ACTED IN THE NICK OF TIME, OLD NICK. HE'S A DESPERATE KILLER!

WHAT TOLD OLD NICK THE MAN WAS NOT A PRISON OFFICIAL?

PRISON GUARDS NEVER CARRY REVOLVERS IN THE CELL BLOCK. PRISONERS HAVE SNATCHED THEM AND USED THEM ON THE GUARDS THEMSELVES.

OLD NICK! OH BOY, OLD NICK IS A WONDERFUL CANDY BAR

CREAMY FUDGE—SMOOTH CARAMEL, LUSCIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE.

BEST BY FAR—SO TRY OLD NICK CANDY BAR

AND HERE'S ANOTHER FAVORITE

BIT-O-HONEY
Schutter's

6 SEPARATELY WRAPPED PIECES

TRY BIT-O-HONEY—IT'S A HONEY, HONEY, HONEY OF A CANDY BAR—MILD HONEY-FLAVORED, CHEWY CANDY FILLED WITH CRUNCHY, TOASTED ALMONDS



AIR WAVE

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THUGS WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T SHOOT GUNS?

HERE, 'ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD BUT GLASS. AND IN THIS WORLD WITHOUT METAL, AIR WAVE SEEMS HELPLESS UNTIL THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS SHATTERS CROOKS' ILLUSIONS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES IN..

THE CITY OF GLASS!

IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN...

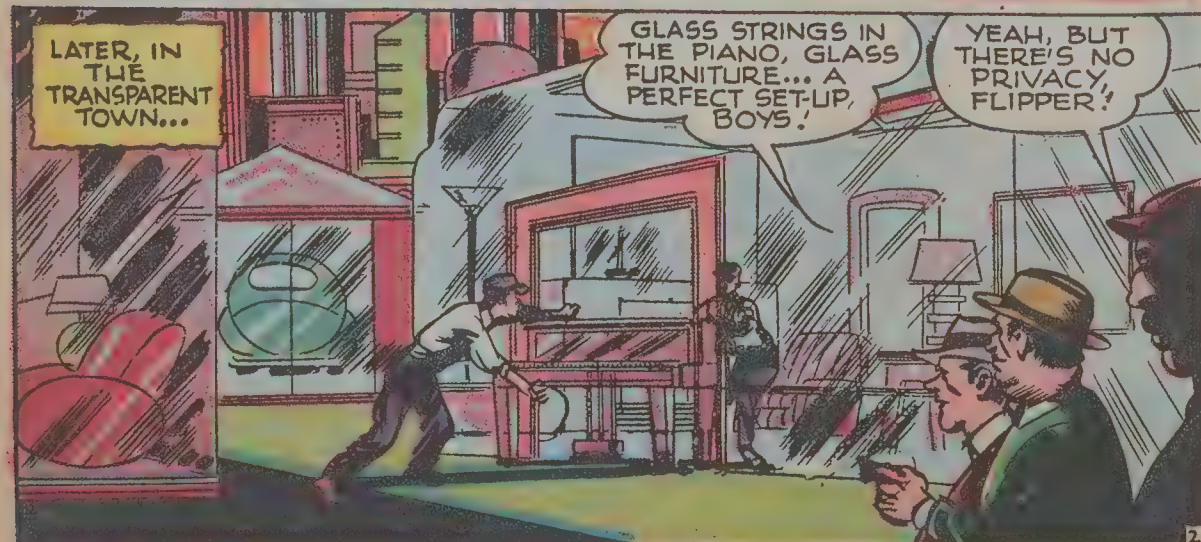
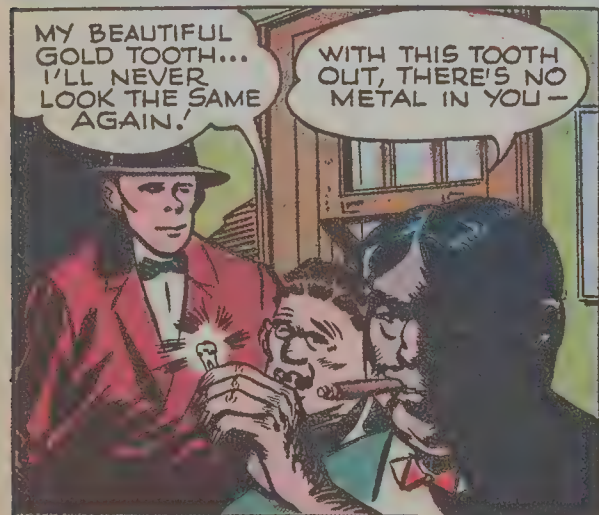
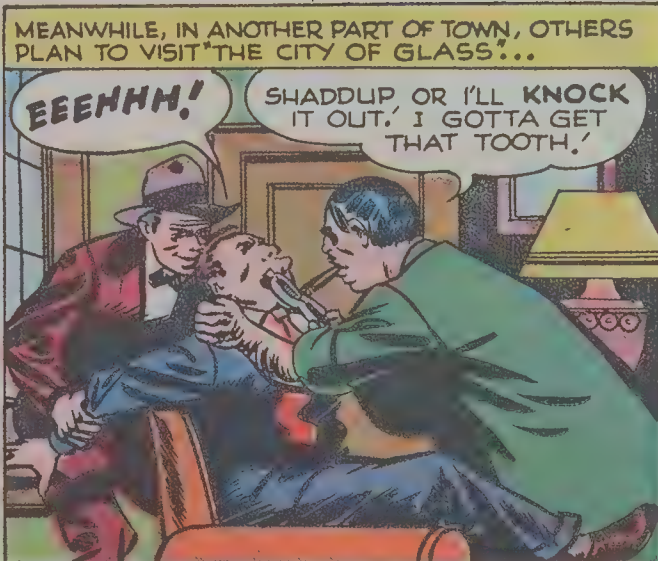
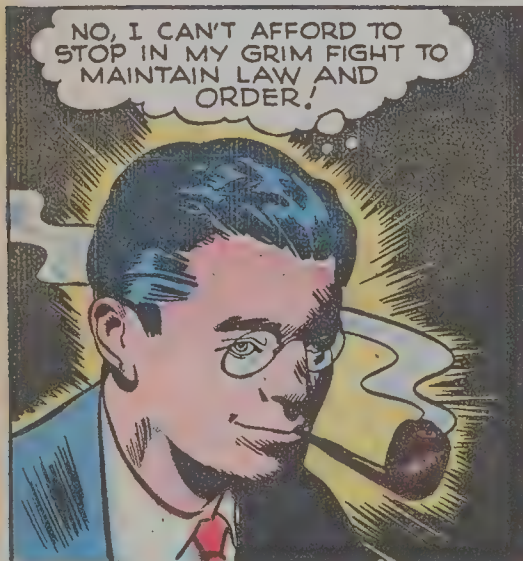
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. WHY DON'T YOU RUN DOWN TO THE GLASS EXHIBIT WHICH OPENS TODAY?

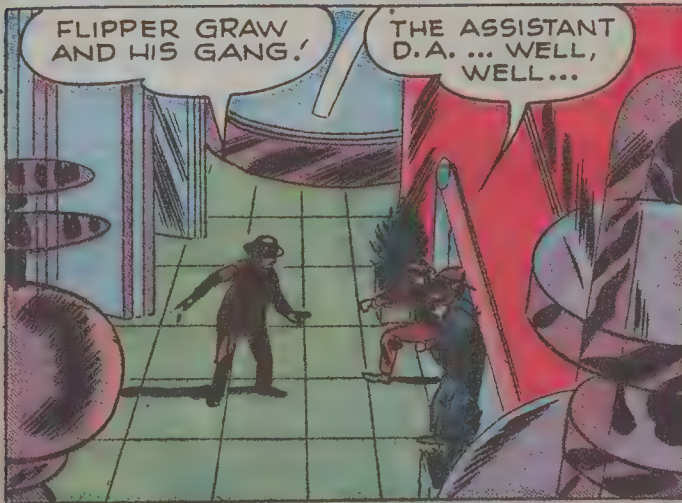
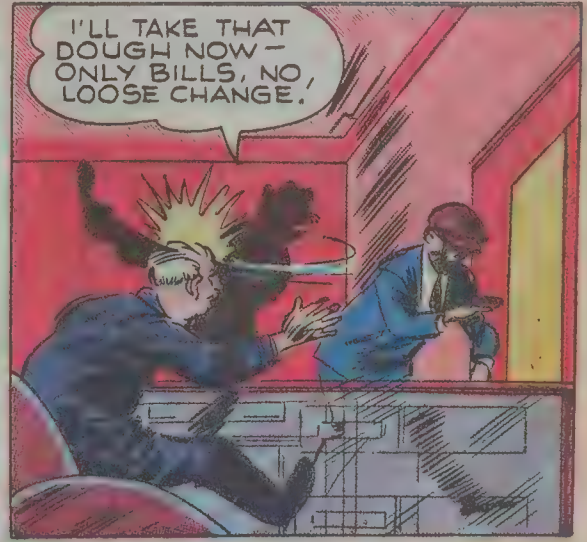
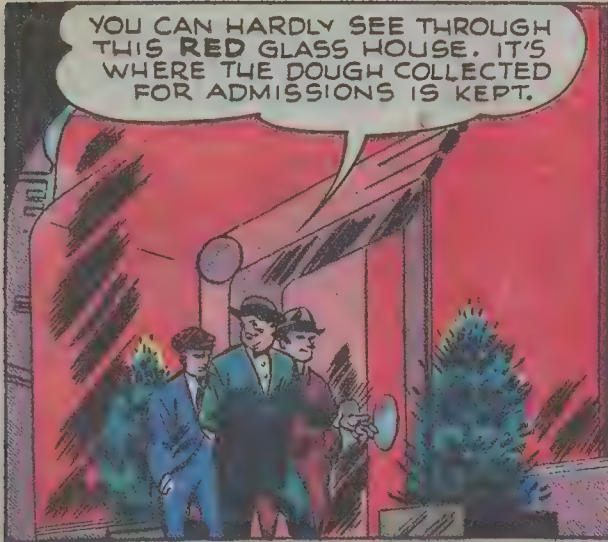
THANKS. I'D APPRECIATE SOME RELAXATION, MR. JORDAN.

NO CRIME THERE. HAVE SOME FUN.

WISH YOU'D COME, TOO - BUT YOU NEVER STOP WORKING!







BUT AT THE ENTRANCE..

COME ON IN, AIR WAVE! WE HEARD A CRY FOR HELP, SO WE'RE NOT LETTING ANYBODY LEAVE.

IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO TUNE IN ON THE TROUBLE!

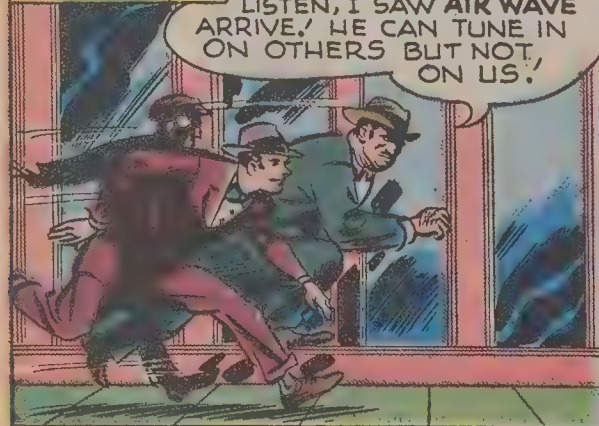


OH-OH! FORGOT THERE'S NO METAL IN THE HOUSES... MUST TUNE IN ON METAL THAT PEOPLE ARE CARRYING.



BUT AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS TURNS THE DIALS...

LISTEN, I SAW AIR WAVE ARRIVE! HE CAN TUNE IN ON OTHERS BUT NOT, ON US!



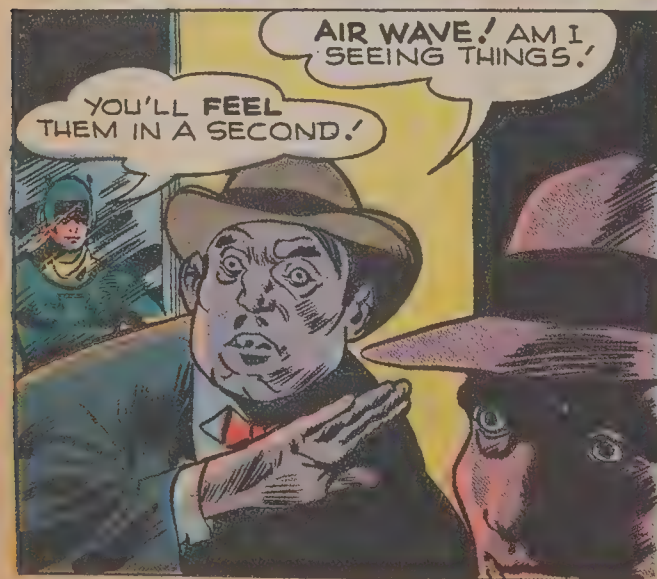
GOOD THING YOU PULLED MY TOOTH, BOSS! HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US IN THIS CITY OF GLASS!

YEAH, BEFORE HE'S THROUGH, HE'LL BE GLASSY-EYED!



AIR WAVE! AM I SEEING THINGS!

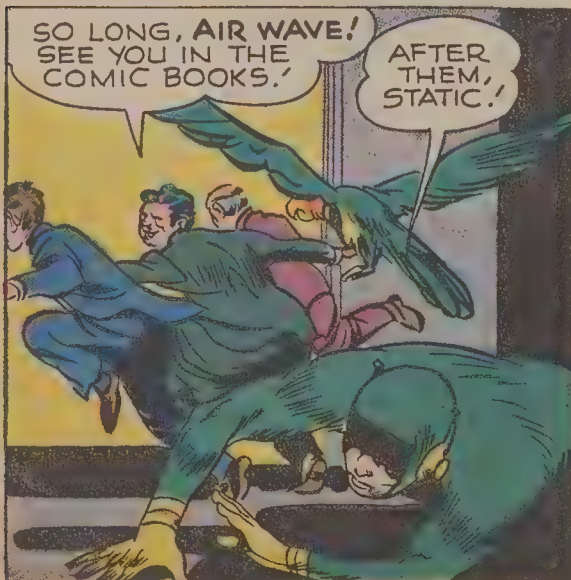
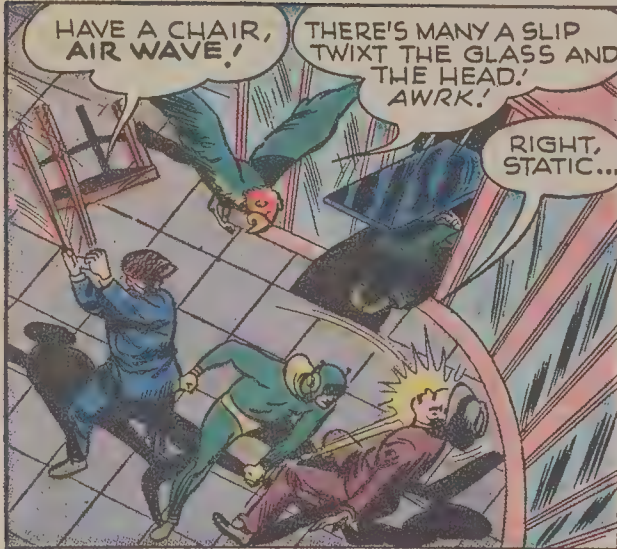
YOU'LL FEEL THEM IN A SECOND!

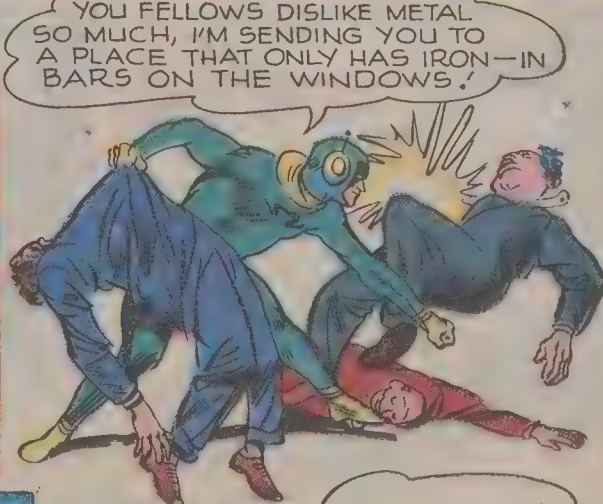
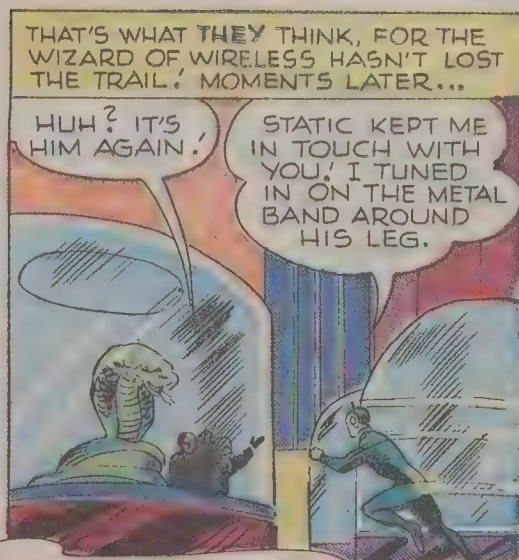


BUT HOW DID YOU FIND US? OOOOF!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. BUT DON'T WORRY—JUST GO TO SLEEP!







Bazooka

THE ATOM

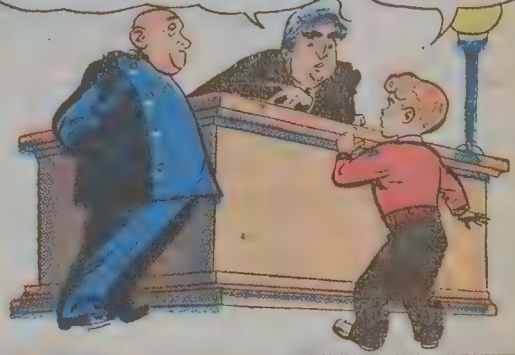
BUBBLE BOY

in
THE MISSING
MESSENGER



BAZOOKA, WE NEED YOUR
HELP ON THE FIRST
NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY
CASE! I GUESS YOU READ
ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS!

YES
COMMISSIONER,
AND I'LL BE
GLAD TO
HELP!



HERE'S THE STORY! THE
CAULEY GANG HAS
ALBERT CRANE, THE
BANK MESSENGER IN
A SHACK HALFWAY UP
THE MOUNTAIN!

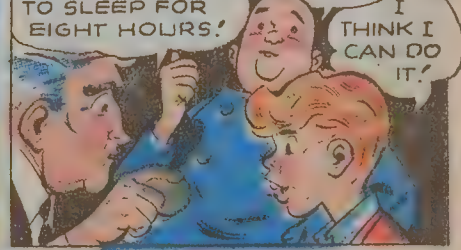
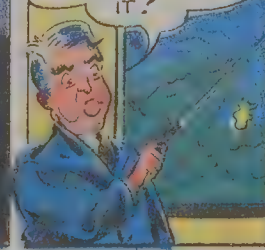
WE SPOTTED
'EM FROM A
PLANE BUT WE
CAN'T LAND
WITHIN 20
MILES!

AND IF WE GO UP
THE MOUNTAIN
AFTER THEM
THEY'RE LIABLE
TO KILL CRANE
AND RUN FOR
IT!

THIS IS SOMETHING
NEW! A **SLEEP BOMB!**
IF YOU CAN THROW
IT IN THE WINDOW
OF THE SHACK IT
WILL PUT THEM
TO SLEEP FOR
EIGHT HOURS!

MEANWHILE
WE CAN GO
UP THE
MOUNTAIN
AND GRAB
THEM!

I
THINK I
CAN DO
IT!



THIS IS MY
SPECIAL
BAZOOKA
BUBBLE GUM!
WATCH ME
BLOW A GIANT
BUBBLE AND
SAIL OFF TO
THE MOUNTAIN!

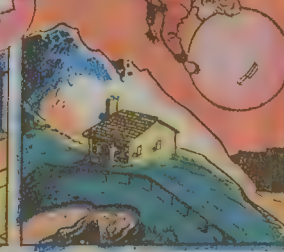
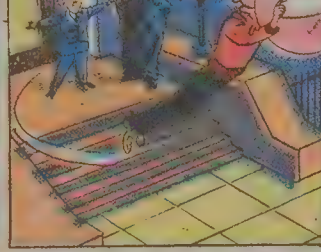
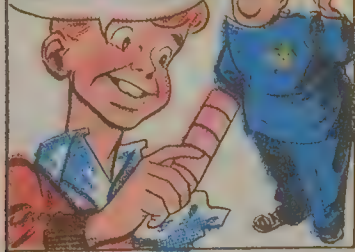
MY KIDS CHEW
BAZOOKA, TOO!
SIX BIG
CHEWS FOR A
NICKEL? THAT'S A
BARGAIN!

WHAT A
BUBBLE!
WHAT A
BOY!

COOL AS ICE!
HE'S READING
THE COMIC
THAT COMES
WITH HIS PACK-
AGE OF
BAZOOKA
GUM!

AKOOZAB!
AKOOZAB!
AND DOWN
I GO!

HERE GOES THE
SLEEP BOMB
AND IN A FEW
HOURS THE
POLICE WILL
BE HERE TO
GRAB THE
CAULEY
GANG!

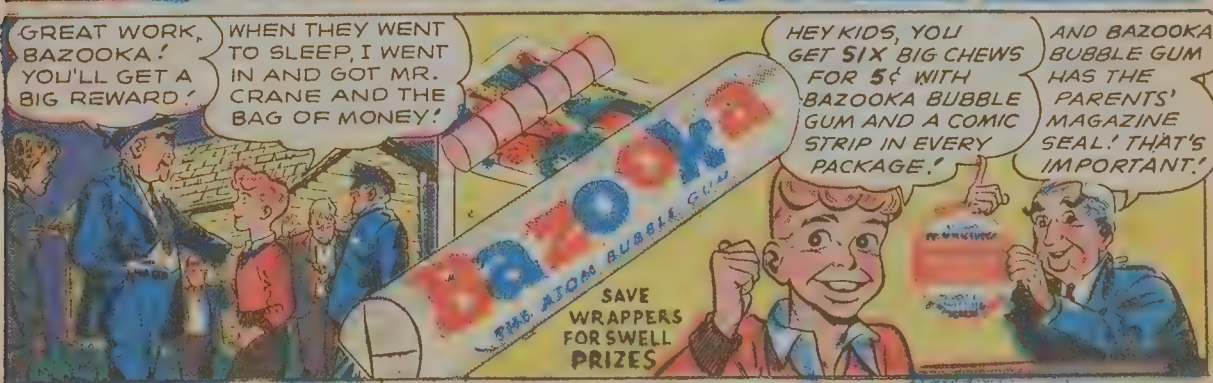


GREAT WORK,
BAZOOKA!
YOU'LL GET A
BIG REWARD!

WHEN THEY WENT
TO SLEEP, I WENT
IN AND GOT MR.
CRANE AND THE
BAG OF MONEY!

HEY KIDS, YOU
GET SIX BIG CHEWS
FOR 5¢ WITH
BAZOOKA BUBBLE
GUM AND A COMIC
STRIP IN EVERY
PACKAGE!

AND BAZOOKA
BUBBLE GUM
HAS THE
PARENTS'
MAGAZINE
SEAL! THAT'S
IMPORTANT!



SAVE
WRAPPERS
FOR SWELL
PRIZES



Tootsie

TAMI TORNADO

By
C.C. BECK

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION VISIT AN ARMY AIRFIELD IN THE SOUTHWEST.

HOOTIN' ZOOTZ!
LOOK AT ALL THOSE
SWELL NEW JET
PLANES!

OBOY! THIS
IS GREAT,
CAPTAIN
TOOTSIE!

THOSE ARE THE
ARMY'S P-84
THUNDERJETS!

YES, BOYS. THIS GREAT FIGHTER
PLANE HAS A SPEED OF MORE
THAN 600 MILES AN HOUR!
IT'LL FLY HIGHER THAN 40,000
FEET, AND HAS A RANGE OF
1,000 MILES. THE CABIN IS
AIR CONDITIONED, AND
ELECTRICALLY OPERATED
TO PROVIDE AN EMER-
GENCY EXIT!

AN OFFICER EXPLAINS THE CRAFT.

HERE'S ONE
COMING IN
FOR A LAND-
ING! WOW!
WHAT
SPEED!

CONTROL
TOWER'S
CALLING
THEM ALL
IN! WEATHER'S
GETTING
BAD!

THIS IS TORNADO
COUNTRY, YOU KNOW!
WE'VE HAD SEVERAL
BAD TWISTERS
ALREADY, AND BY
THE LOOKS OF
THINGS WE'RE DUE
FOR ANOTHER
ANY MINUTE!

HERE COMES A TWISTER NOW!
SEE THAT FUNNEL HEADING RIGHT
FOR TOWN?

QUICK!
SOUND THE ALARM!
CALL ALL
PILOTS... I'VE
AN IDEA!

GOSH!

HERE, MEN... WE'LL
NEED LOTS OF ENERGY.
HAVE SOME TOOTSIE
ROLLS AND TOOTSIE
FUDGE, THAT'LL
DO THE TRICK!

YEH!
TOOTSIE FUDGE
GIVES QUICK
ENERGY, TOO-
JUST LIKE
TOOTSIE
ROLLS!

INTO YOUR PLANES, MEN!
FOLLOW CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
HE'S GOING TO BREAK
UP THAT TORNADO BY
FLYING THROUGH IT!

LET'S
GO!

NOW HIT
THAT TWISTER,
BOYS! ALL
TOGETHER!

WILL CAPTAIN TOOTSIE'S DARING
PLAN WORK? CAN HE SAVE THE
TOWNSPEOPLE FROM DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION?

YEOH!
LOOK AT
THOSE
PLANES!

WE DID IT!
WE BROKE 'ER
STEM CLEAN
OFF!

POP!

THE TORNADO'S
BROKEN UP!
WE'RE SAVED!

HOORAY!

TAKING OFF IN TIGHT FORMATION,
THE POWERFUL JET PLANES FLY
TO PIT THEIR MIGHT AGAINST
THE RAGING TORNADO!

WOW! WHAT A THRILL!
YOUR IDEA SAVED
DOZENS OF LIVES
AND HOMES!
YOU'RE A HERO,
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

GOSH! I'M
ALL IN AFTER
THAT!

ANOTHER
ROUND OF
TOOTSIE
FUDGE
WILL SPARK
UP OUR ENERGY
AGAIN, BOYS!

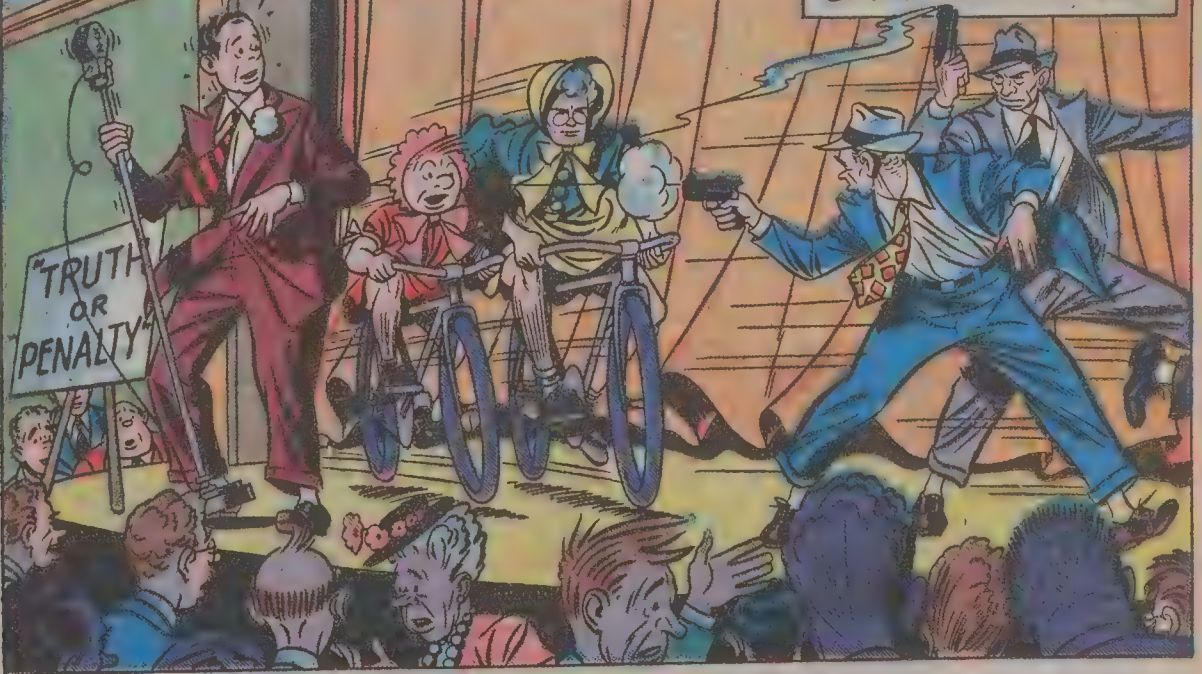
YOU
SURE CAN'T
BEAT TOOTSIE
FUDGE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTZ! THAT SWELL TOOTSIE FUDGE
SURE SHOOTS JETS OF QUICK ENERGY TO
YOUR MUSCLES. MAKES YOU WANT TO
ZOOM LIKE A REGULAR THUNDERJET
YOURSELF! TOOTSIE FUDGE IS SURE
RICH 'N CREAMY- JUST
GOSH-A-MIGHTY GOOD!
COMES IN CHOCOLATE
OR VANILLA FLAVORS.
GET TOOTSIE FUDGE
AT YOUR FAVORITE
CANDY COUNTER
TODAY!



SLAM BRADLEY

TRUTH OR PENALTY!
..ON A RADIO THAT
MEANS FUN FOR ALL...
WHERE AN INCORRECTLY
ANSWERED QUESTION
CAN SOMETIMES BRING
A DOUBLE PENALTY—
PLENTY CAN HAPPEN
AS SEEN IN THIS
HILARIOUS SAGA WHERE
SLAM BRADLEY AND
SHORTY GET INVOLVED
IN ...
**"TRUTH + PENALTY=
CRIME-CATCHERS!"**



AT A LOCAL RADIO STATION ...

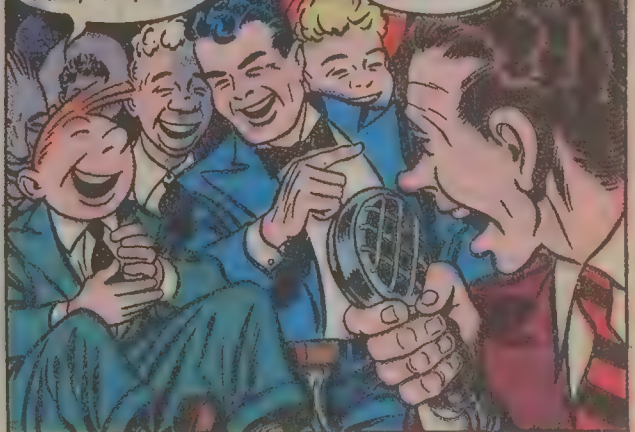
**MR. WILSON LOSES!
SO THE PENALTY
CALLS FOR HIS
WIFE TO PUT HIS
HEAD INTO A
PICKLE BARREL!**

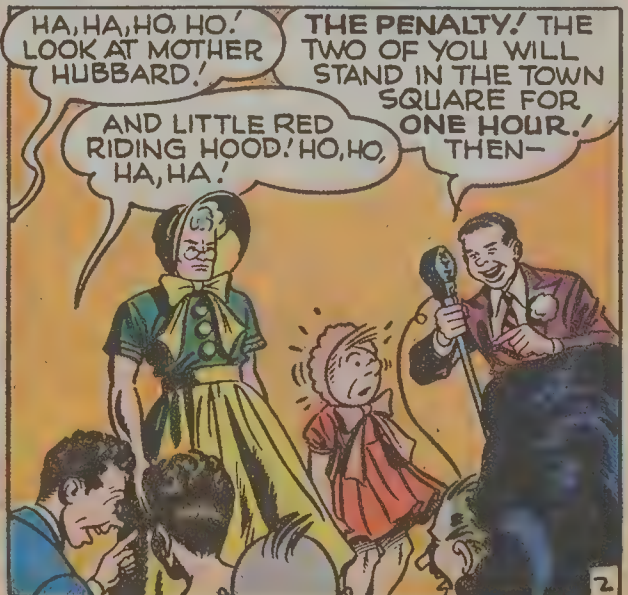
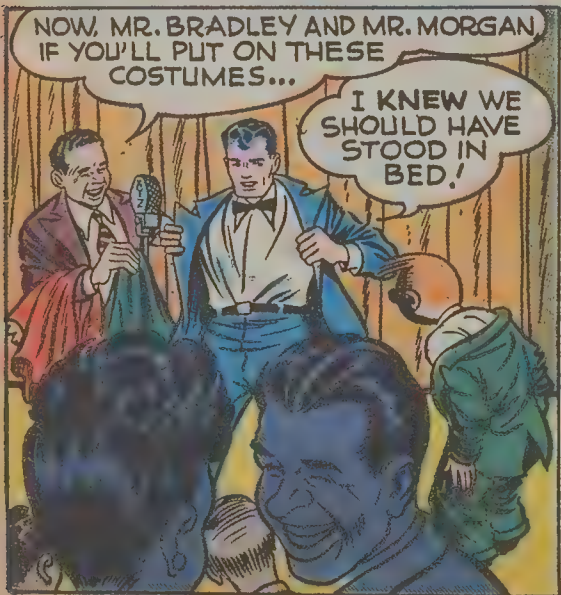
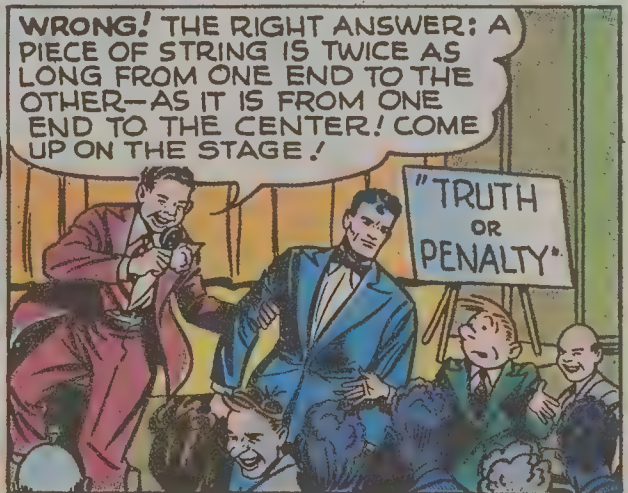
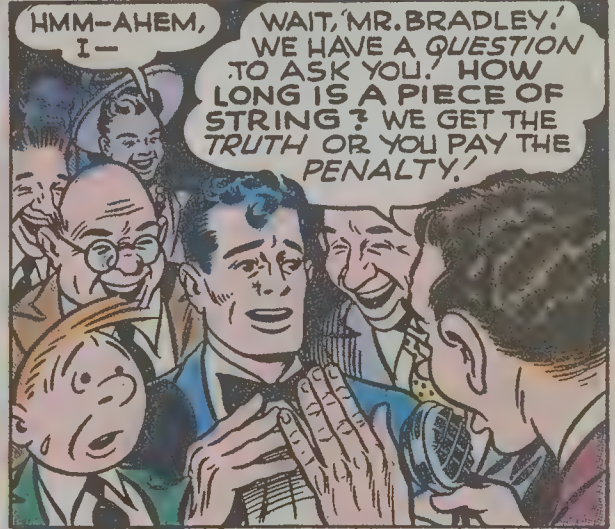
**HA, HA, HA,
HA, HA, HA!**

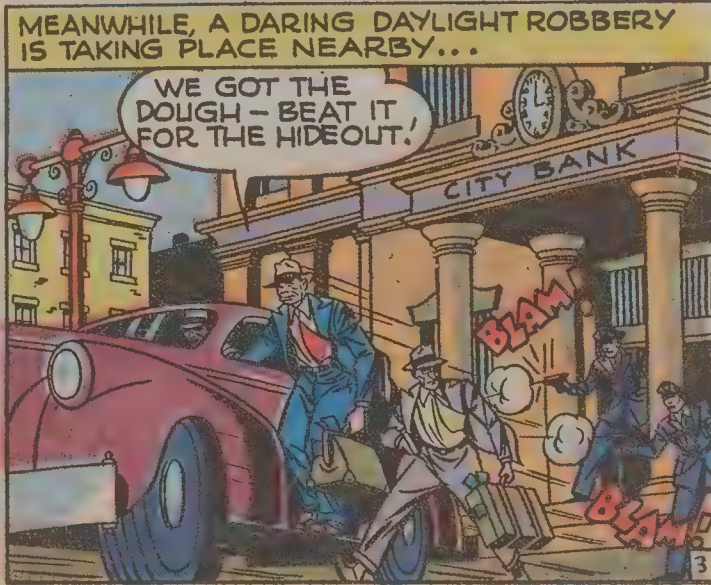
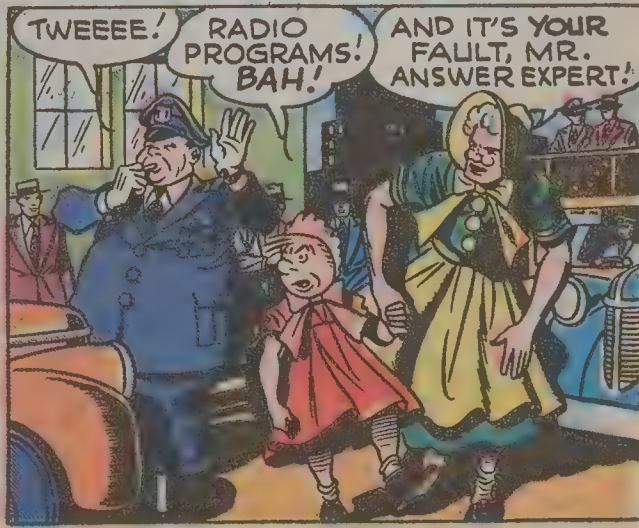
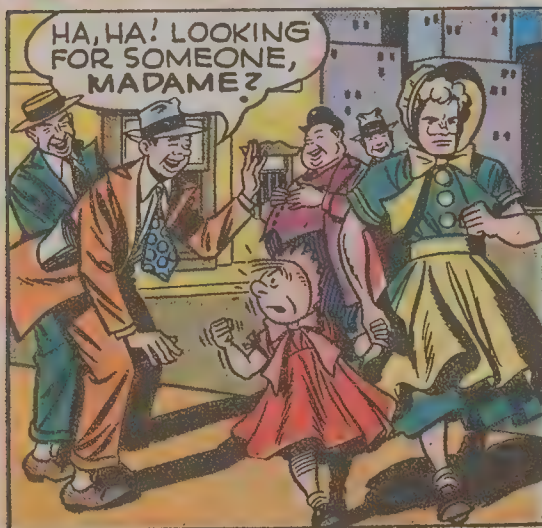
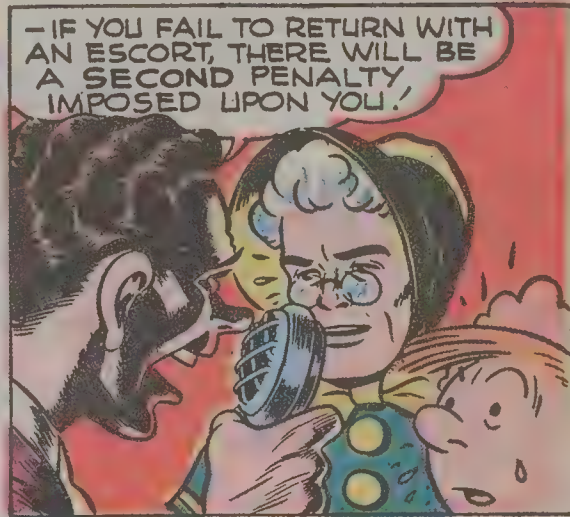


**HA, HA, HA! DID YOU
SEE HIS FACE?
HA, HA, HA!**

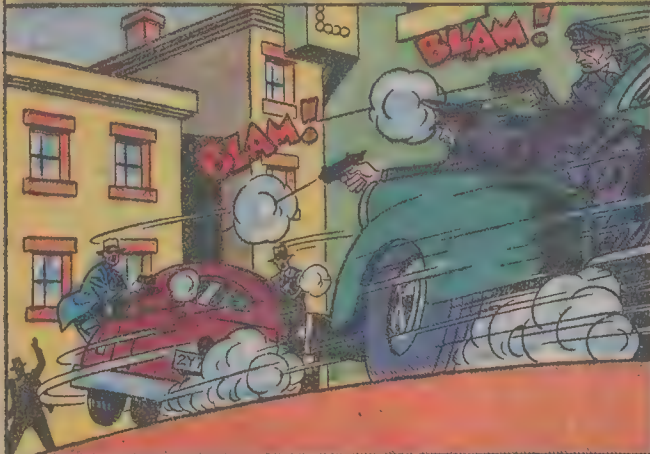
**WHAT A PROGRAM!
I'M GLAD WE CAME!
HA, HA!**







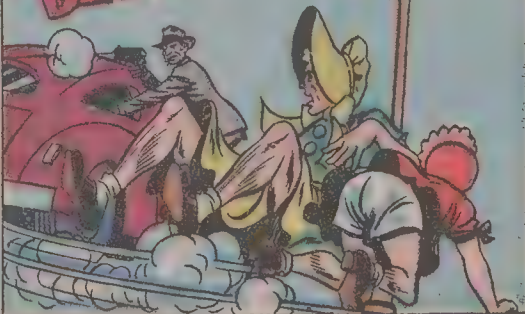
ABRUPTLY, THE ONCE-QUIET TOWN IS STIRRED INTO THUNDERING ACTION!



DUCK, SHORTY! THERE'S A WAR GOING THROUGH HERE!

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO US!

BOOM!
BLAT!

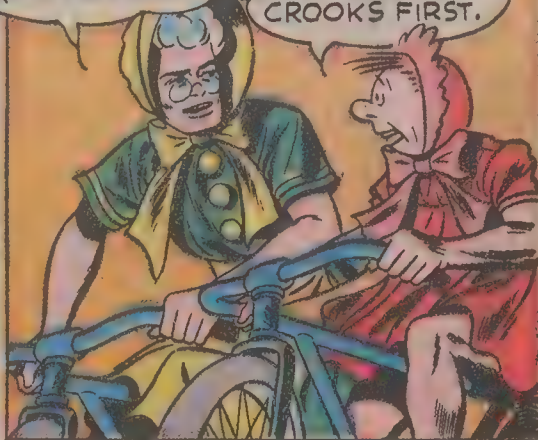
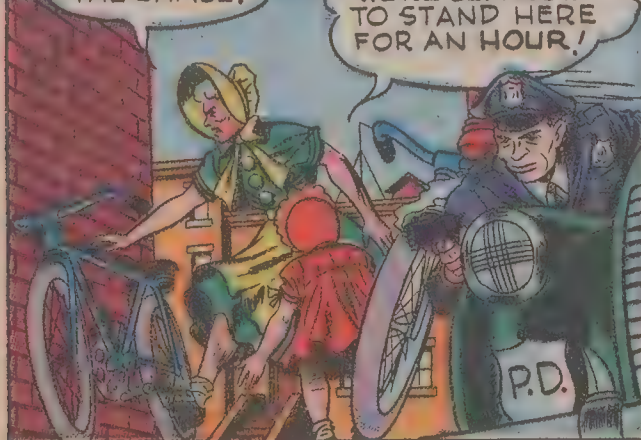


LET'S BORROW THESE BIKES AND GET IN ON THE CHASE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR PENALTY? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STAND HERE FOR AN HOUR!

THAT'S RIGHT! CONFOUND THAT QUIZ PROGRAM!

LET'S TAKE OUR CHANCES! LET'S GO AFTER THE CROOKS FIRST.



THE CHASE IS ON...

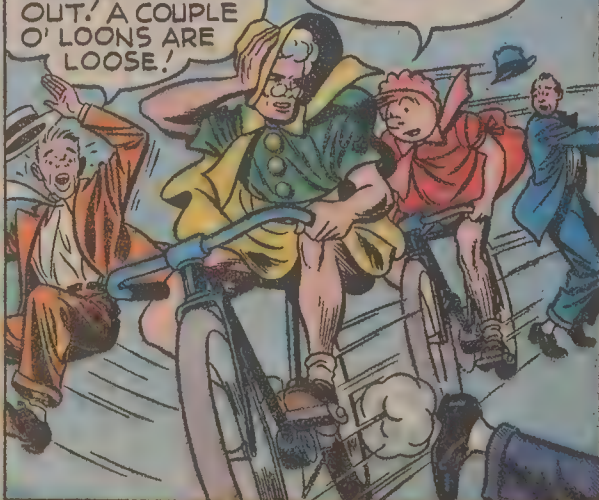
OKAY—LET'S GO!

BOY! WHAT A COSTUME FOR CHASING CROOKS!

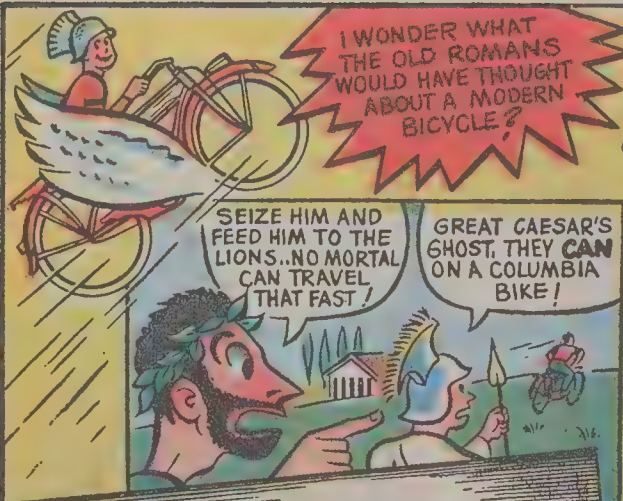


YEEHAW! LOOK OUT! A COUPLE O' LOONS ARE LOOSE!

GANGWAY!



CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING—



DAYDREAM MIKE and his WONDERFUL BIKE!

SEIZE HIM AND FEED HIM TO THE LIONS... NO MORTAL CAN TRAVEL THAT FAST!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, THEY CAN ON A COLUMBIA BIKE!

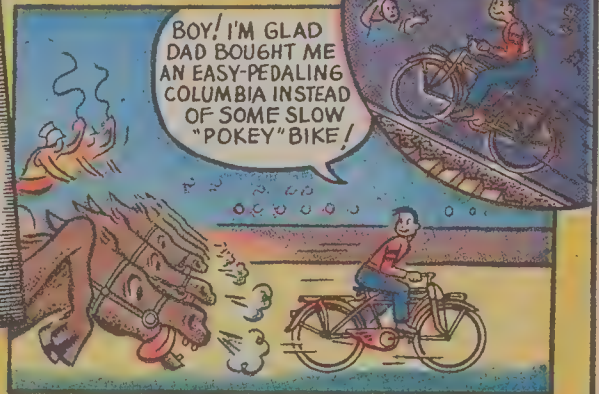
YOU CAN'T CATCH MIKE. HE'LL NEVER GET TIRED ON A COLUMBIA.

OH, OH! NOW FOR FLYING ACTION!

NOW TO SHOW HOW COLUMBIA BIKES "MAKE THE GRADE" ON HILLS.

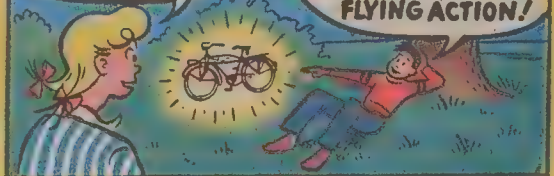
THE COLISEUM

BOY, I'M GLAD DAD BOUGHT ME AN EASY-PEDALING COLUMBIA INSTEAD OF SOME SLOW "POKEY" BIKE!



WAKE UP! YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING YOUR BIKE'S GOT WINGS, AGAIN!

MY COLUMBIA HAS GOT WINGS! ON GETAWAY, ON HILLS, ON THE LEVEL, IT'S GOT FLYING ACTION!



**Remember,
FELLOWS AND GIRLS!**

A BIKE BY COLUMBIA IS NOT ONLY A HANDSOMER BIKE, BUT ALSO A BETTER BUILT BIKE... AND WHEN A BIKE IS BUILT BETTER IT LASTS LONGER... PEDALS EASIER... GOES FASTER... CLIMBS EASIER... AND GETS YOU THERE FRESHER THAN "POKEY" HARDER-TO-PUSH BIKES. **MORAL: GET A BICYCLE BY COLUMBIA AND BE A LEADER!**

SEND FOR "BIKE CHIEF" SIREN AND BOOKLET NOW!

The Westfield Manufacturing Company
76 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Find enclosed fifteen cents (15c), for which please send me, postpaid, one "BIKE CHIEF" SIREN, and BOOKLET describing new, 1948 Columbia bikes ☐. Please send FREE booklet only ☐

Name

Address



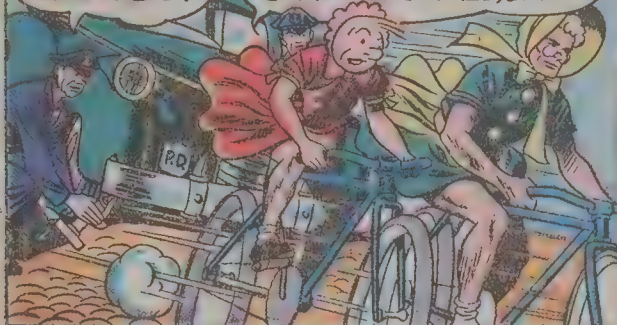
Columbia

SINCE 1877...
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

NARROWLY MISSING DISASTER AT EVERY CORNER, SLAM AND SHORTY PASS THE PATROL CAR, WHICH HAS A BULLET-RIDDLED TIRE ...

HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

JUST A COUPLE OF GLAMOUR GALS, JACK!



MEANWHILE—UP AHEAD...

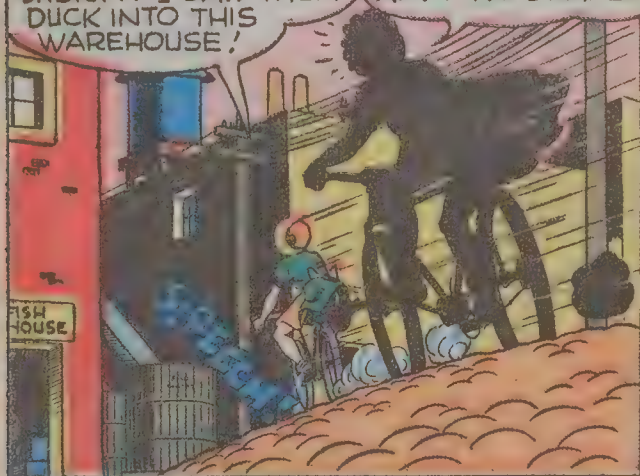
WE LOST 'EM! COME ON—BEFORE WE'RE SEEN!

MOLASSES STORAGE

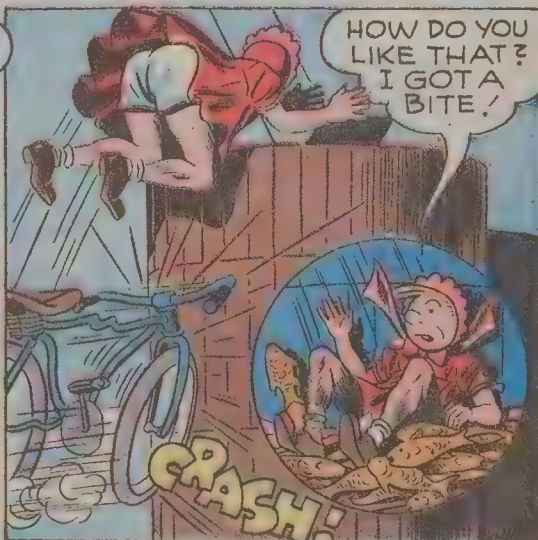


SLAM ON THE BRAKES, SHORTY! I SAW THEM DUCK INTO THIS WAREHOUSE!

HEY! THERE AIN'T NO BRAKES!



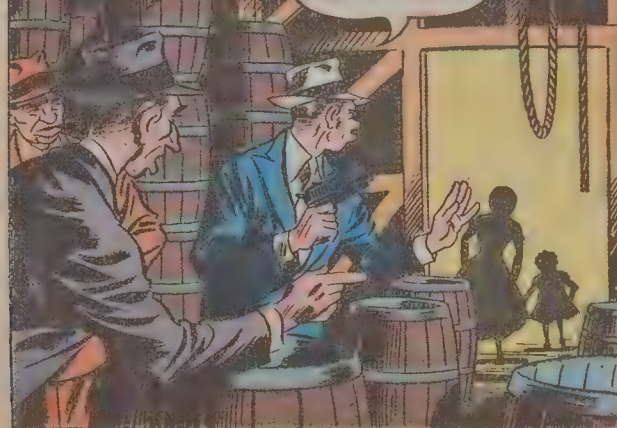
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I GOT A BITE!



SECONDS LATER—INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...

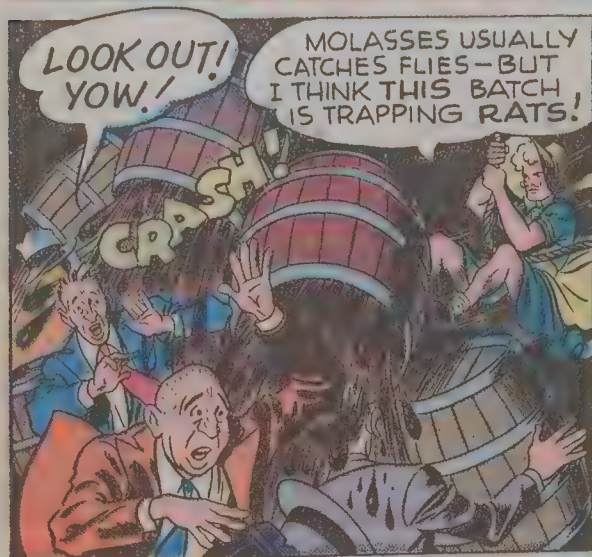
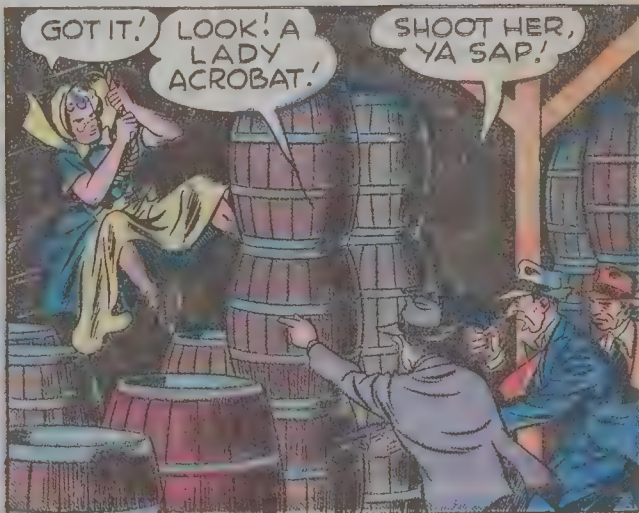
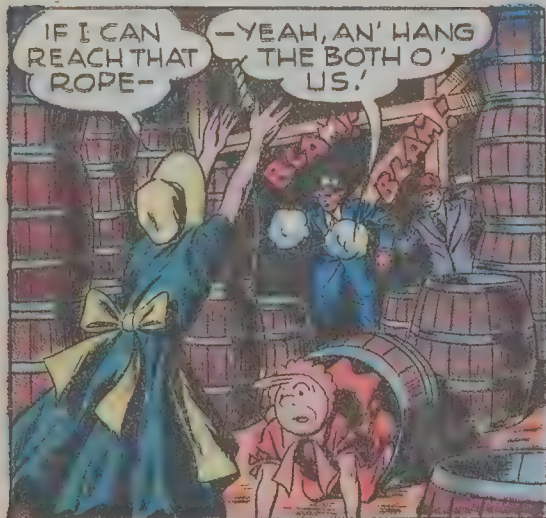
LOOK—SNOOPERS!

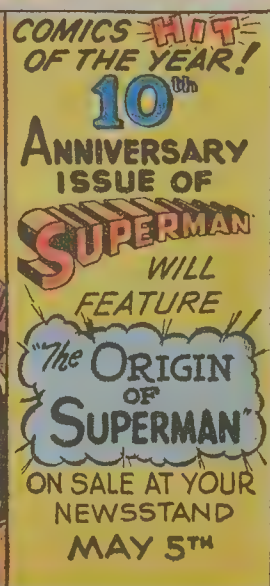
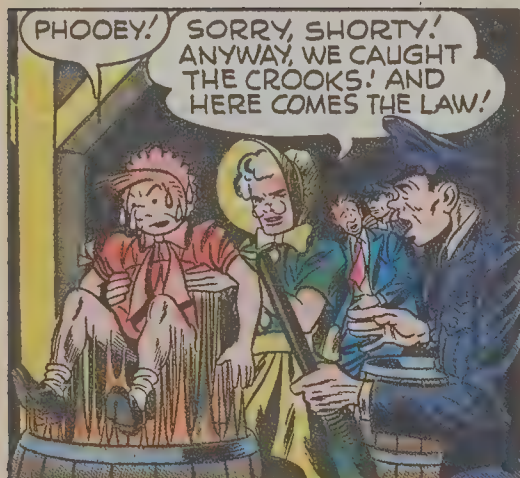
JUST AN OLE DAME AN' HER BRAT! WE'LL SCARE 'EM OFF!



FIREWORKS! HIT THE DIRT!







THE SECRET of MYSTERY MOUNTAIN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE WHEN WE STARTED OUR HIKE...

PEE WEE'LL BE POOPED BY THE TIME WE CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN.

POOPED, EH? IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TIP JIM WISE GAVE ME.

HEY! THERE ARE SOME MEN UP AT THE DESERTED CABIN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

QUIET NOW, FELLOWS.

WE'LL HIDE THE LOOT HERE UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!

PEE WEE, RUN DOWN AND GET THE STATE POLICE.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT... LET ME GO!

YOU'LL SEE! TELL 'EM OUR SECRET ABOUT "P-F", JIM...

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

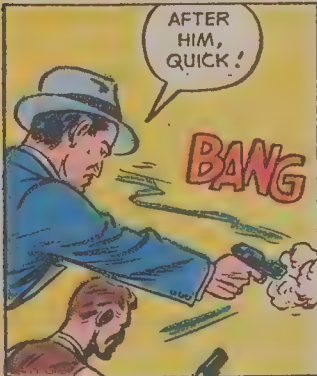
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES

HEY, PIPE DE KID... GET HIM!



AFTER HIM, QUICK!

BANG

BUT JIM AND THE BOYS STEP IN...

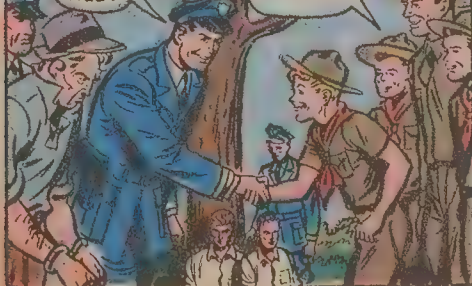


IN THE EXCITEMENT, ONE OF THE ROBBERS ESCAPES WITH THE MONEY...



OUR MEN PICKED UP NUMBER THREE... THANKS TO YOUR SPEED, PEE WEE!

GOSH, WHAT A RUNNER! IT'S "P-F" FOR ALL OF US NOW!



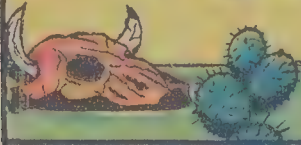
YOU'LL HAVE MORE SPEED AND STAYING POWER, TOO-- BE A BETTER ATHLETE --IF YOU INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES!



**"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY**

B.F. Goodrich and HOOD RUBBER Co.

TOO MANY COOKS!



By Cliff Rhodes

AT the edge of the desert is the little town of Goldville. It is here that prospectors do their final provisioning before braving the dangers of the sun-parched sand.

In the center of the town's only street is a one-story building with a sign in front of it reading: "Silas Stark, Lawyer and Land Claim Specialist."

In front of this building grizzled old "Gold Dust" Pete, well-known as a desert prospector, stood beside his well-laden burro.

"Well, it's taken me a good many years but I've sure struck it rich at last," he said with a grin that wrinkled up his entire face like a dried apple.

"You certainly have, Gold Dust, and no man deserves it more." Silas Stark smiled, too, as he said this, but his was a smile that just curled the corners of his lips.

Then he walked closer to Gold Dust and whispered with an air of great secrecy: "Now you just go back to that claim of yours and do as I told you—stake it on each corner. I have your papers all in order and when you come back you'll be richer than King Midas!"

Gold Dust gave the wizen-faced lawyer a hearty slap on the back and smiled another crinkly smile.

"Don't worry, Mr. Stark," he said. "I'll take care of everything just the way you said."

Then he walked over to his burro and tapped the water cans that hung over its sides. They gave forth the dull heavy sound that meant plenty of water and the difference between life and death on the desert sands.

"Well, I see you took care of my water cans for me!" he said cheerfully.

"Silas Stark takes care of everything," said the lawyer with a forced smile. "I guess you're all fixed up now."

"Yep, that does it!" said Gold Dust as he started to lead his burro away. "Folks that drive cars need gasoline, water, batteries and a lot of other truck. Just give old Gold Dust a burro and plenty of water and he has the desert licked! Be seein' you, Mr. Stark!"

Silas Stark waved his hand feebly. "That's what you think," he said to himself.

Meanwhile down the street a sun-tanned young man sat in the office of another "Lawyer and Land Claim Specialist."

"Well, I'm pretty new at this prospecting business, Mr. Gripp," he was saying, "but if you think I ought to go out and re-stake my claim to make it legal, that's exactly what I'll do. It's just a day's trip and I have provisions enough in my car."

"That's right!" said the lawyer. He was a pudgy little man, who walked around his office nervously. "Just go back and stake that claim of yours on each corner."

The sun-tanned young man arose and walked toward the door. Then he stopped and said: "Oh, there's just one thing: I have to take care of. Have to pick up a drum of gasoline."

He smiled and added: "You know there's no filling stations out there in the desert!"

Lawyer Gripp patted the young man reassuringly on his shoulder. "Young man, everything has been taken care of," he said rubbing his hands together. "Everything!"

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Gripp. You've sure been very obliging!" The young man left, and when he got outside, he found a big gasoline drum carefully lashed to the trunk of his car.

"Well, that's the stuff that'll take me out there and back!" he said to himself, as he jumped into his car.

Thus it was that two men started out on a perilous desert trip—one by burro and the other by car. Unknowingly, each was heading for a trap which had been skillfully set for him—a trap calculated to make him a helpless victim of the blazing sun and the scorching sand.

Somewhere in the depth of the remorseless desert land, Gold Dust Pete looked for the water he expected to find in the containers strapped to the side of the burro. The precious fluid was not there!

And strangely enough the strong young man with the sun-tanned face also looked in vain for the gasoline which was to carry him swiftly across the perilous stretches of the desert.

Back in Goldville Silas Stark and Lawyer Gripp were having a strange meeting together.

"It's a good thing no one knows we're partners in this business," Stark was saying. "People might begin to get suspicious."

"No one will ever know what happened," the pudgy lawyer replied. "Dead men tell no tales, you know! Now all we have to do is register those claims in our own names, and we'll

own two of the richest strikes that were ever made in this part of the country!"

Silas Stark rubbed his hands together greedily. "And to think how simple it all was!" he said with a cruel laugh. "All I had to do, was to fill Gold Dust's water cans with something that he couldn't drink: How surprised he must have been when he stopped to fill his canteen and water his burro!"

"Nice work!" said Lawyer Gripp, laughing, too. "Just what did you put into his water cans?"

Silas Stark whispered very slyly to his evil partner: "I just pumped them full of gasoline!"

"Ho! Ho! Imagine that," roared Lawyer Gripp. "A lot of good cans full of gasoline will do a man with a burro!"

A very satisfied smile crept across Silas Stark's face. "And how did you handle your man?" he asked.

"Oh, it was just as simple," Gripp replied. "How surprised he must have been when he went to his gasoline drum and found it filled with water! He certainly can't drive a car with that can he!"

Now both men laughed heartily.

"Well, I sure cooked Gold Dust's goose!" said Silas Stark.

"And I sure cooked—" the other lawyer began.

Before he could say another word, the door of the office was pushed open roughly. Both men faced the hard-shooting sheriff of the county who stood there grimly.

"Sounds like a case of two many cooks getting themselves cooked up nicely," he was saying.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here?" Silas Stark demanded as he rose to his feet.

"Oh, it's very simple," said the sheriff. "Two men you tried to kill off happened to meet in the middle of the desert. One had plenty of water, and the other had plenty of gasoline. That's why they're alive and here now to press charges against you."

At this point Gold Dust and the strong young man walked grimly into the room.

"How would you fellers like to act as my deputies for a spell?" said the sheriff with a sly smile. "There's a couple of culprits I'd like to have taken over to my jail."

"It'll be a pleasure, Sheriff," said the strong young man rolling up his sleeves.

"Ditto," said Gold Dust, his face cracking into a crinkly grin.

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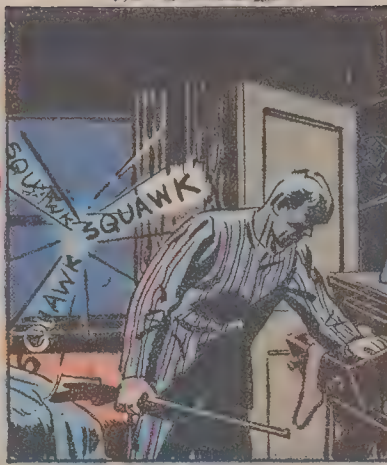
This Tall Tale from Texas is true!



Ray O'Vac says:

"It's based on a letter in our files!"

© 1947 BY RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WISCONSIN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



1 "Coyote after the geese again! Where the Sam Hill's that flashlight gone? Good night! Have to get a new one tomorrow."



2 But, meanwhile, another goose has been caught by a crafty coyote, and is being carried away for a big family feast.



3 "So! Soon as I buy a new flashlight, my old one turns up. I'll hide this new one away somewhere so it'll be safe."



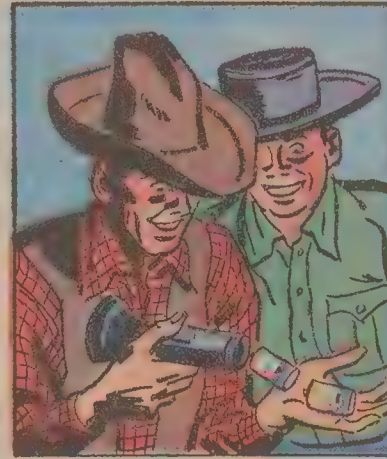
4 "Being in the army put this hunt off too long, but at last we've got a few. Now, my skinning knife—in the attic, I think."



5 "Here's the knife—and look—here's that flashlight I hid away—let's see—why that was 'way over 2 years ago!'"



6 "Whada you know—it works! What kind of batteries could possibly stay fresh that long? Let's take a look at them."



7 "I thought so. See? They're Ray-O-Vac Leak Proofs—the modern kind that are sealed in steel to keep them fresh"



8 "And a guarantee on every one—a new flashlight free, if yours is, ever harmed by Ray-O-Vac swelling or sticking."

Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



Powerful battery



add steel battery



add steel cap



add steel jacket



add steel jacket

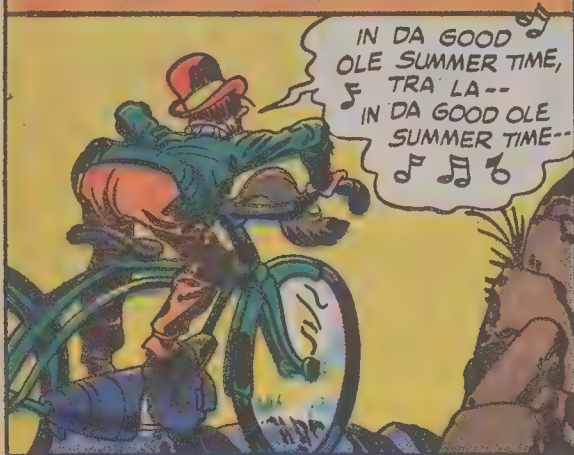


Ray-O-Vac

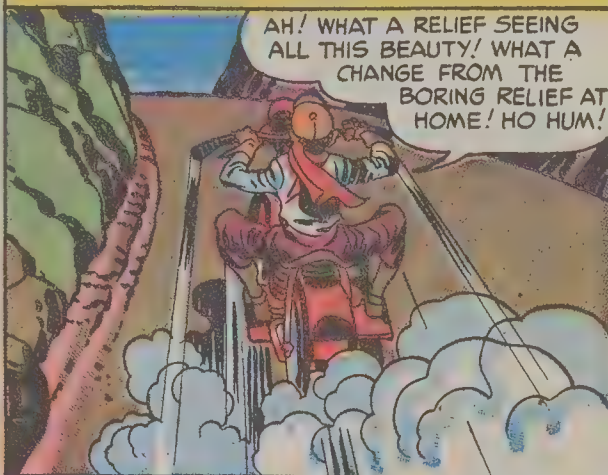
ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS

YOU REALLY MUST
EXCUSE MY MANNERS,
OLD BOY!

A BRIGHT SPRING MORNING FINDS BROOKLYN,
THE FLATBUSH FLASH, MERRILY PEDALLING
THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE---



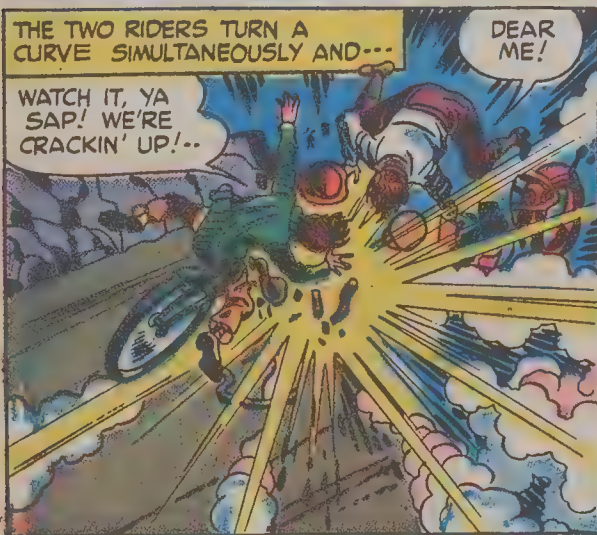
--AND ON THE **SAME** ROAD COMING FROM
THE OTHER DIRECTION---



THE TWO RIDERS TURN A
CURVE SIMULTANEOUSLY AND---

WATCH IT, YA
SAP! WE'RE
CRACKIN' UP!..

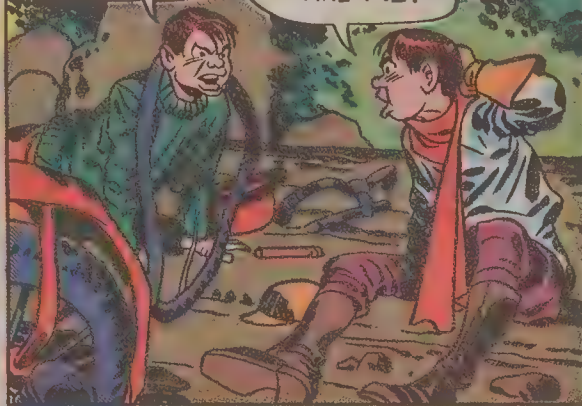
DEAR
ME!



THEN, A SHOCKING REALIZATION---

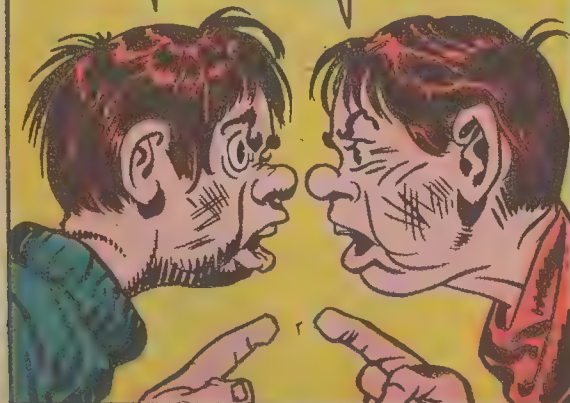
HEY!-- **YOUSE**
LOOK LIKE **ME!**

MY WORD! AND
YOU LOOK PRECISELY
LIKE **ME!**



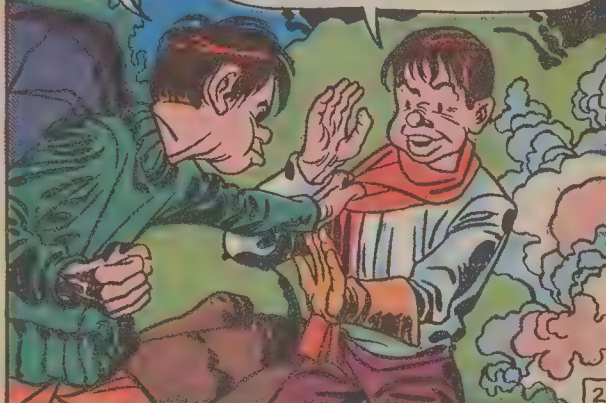
DA SAME EYES,
CHIN, NOSE!--
YER ME TWIN!

AMAZING HOW AN
UNCOUTH RUFFIAN LIKE
YOU BEARS A STARTLING
LIKENESS TO **ME!** Hmm--



STOP DA FANCY
INSULTS, MAC---
OR I'LL BUST
YA ONE!

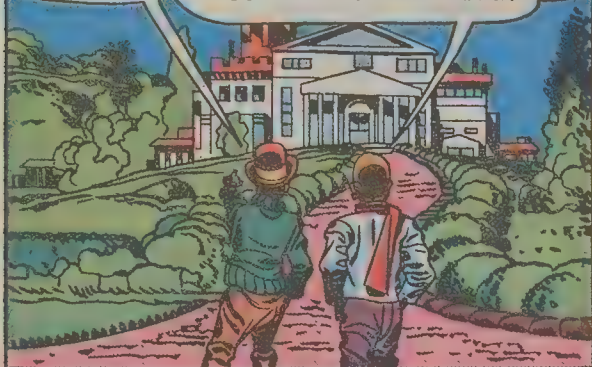
OH! SORRY, OLD CHAP! I
MEANT NO HARM! THE NAME'S
GIDEON BARRYFELL, III! I
DO BELIEVE WE CAN BE GOOD
FRIENDS! COME HOME WITH ME!



ON THE WAY HOME, THE AMAZING DOUBLES
SWAP STORIES OF THEIR LIVES ---

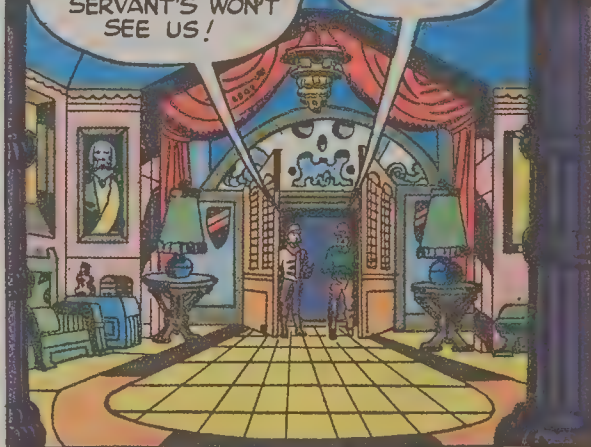
WHAT IS DAT
CASTLE, YER
HOME?

UH? WHY, YES-- BUT JUST
OUR **SUMMER** PLACE! OUR
WINTER MANSION IN THE SOUTH
IS JUST AS COMFORTABLE!



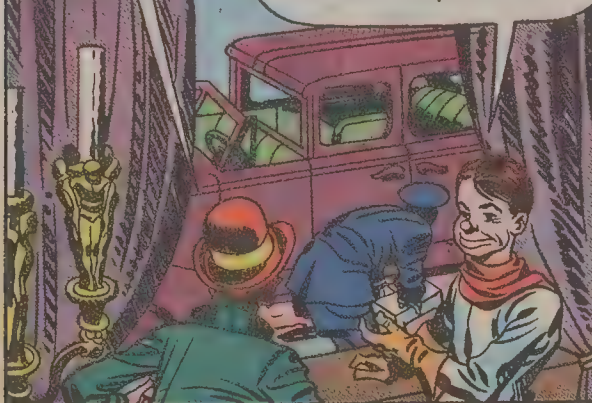
THIS WAY! MY
PARENTS AREN'T
HOME YET AND THE
SERVANT'S WON'T
SEE US!

WOW! ALL
DIS IS
YOURS?



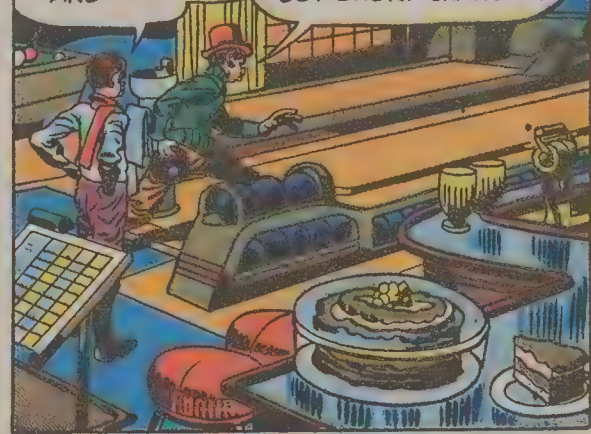
WOW! YOU MUST
BE WOIT' A
MILLION!

A MILLION? (YAWN!) I
DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH
I **DO** OWN! THAT IS ONE
OF MY LIMOUSINES OUT
THERE! AND, LOOK--

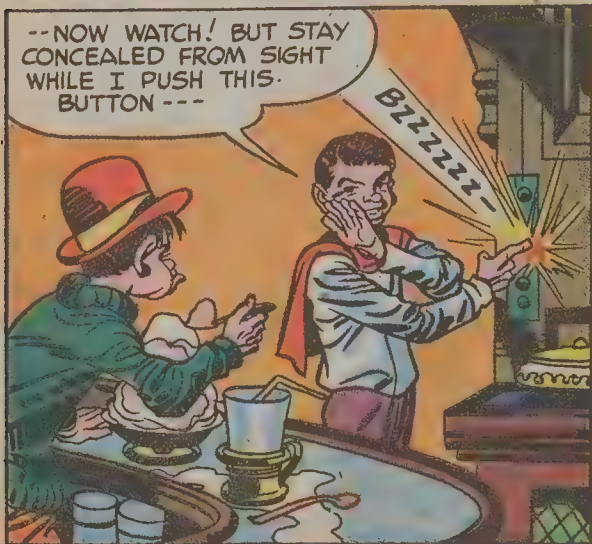


MY OWN BOWLING
ALLEYS, POOL TABLE,
SODA FOUNTAIN
AND ---

BOY! WHEN
NATURE SHUFFLED
US AROUND, I SURE
GOT SHORT CHANGED!



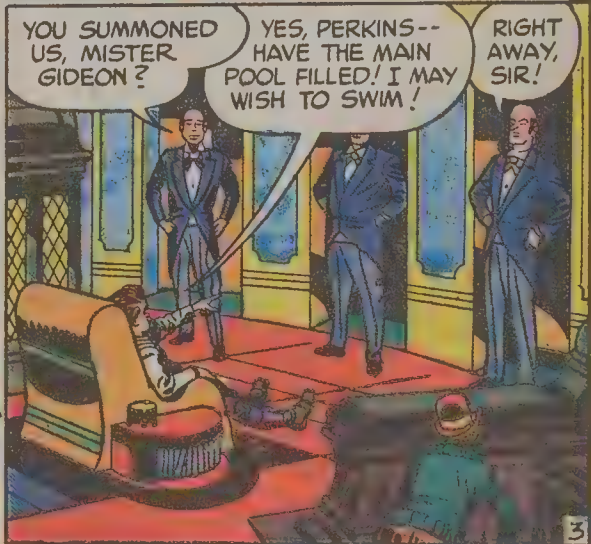
--NOW WATCH! BUT STAY
CONCEALED FROM SIGHT
WHILE I PUSH THIS
BUTTON ---

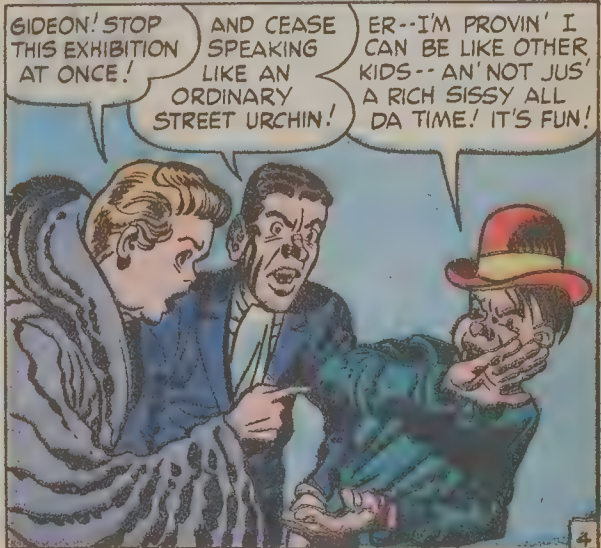
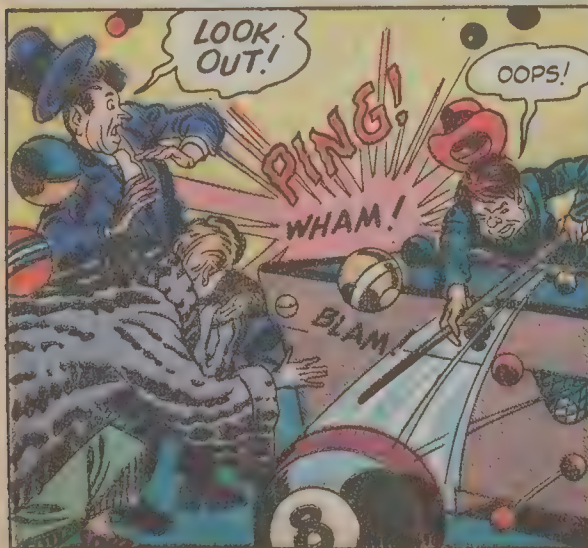
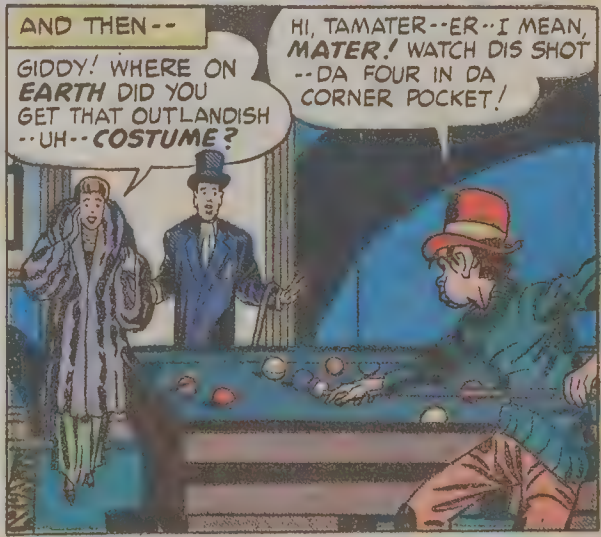
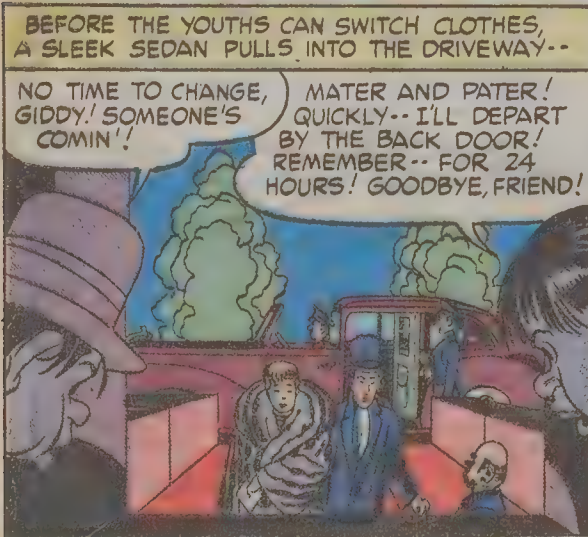
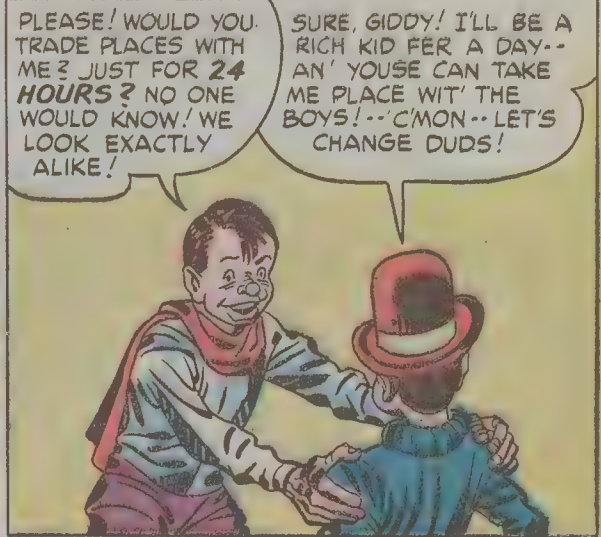


YOU SUMMONED
US, MISTER
GIDEON?

YES, PERKINS--
HAVE THE MAIN
POOL FILLED! I MAY
WISH TO SWIM!

RIGHT
AWAY,
SIR!



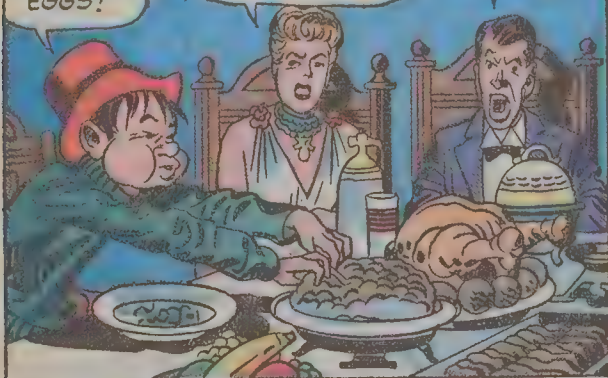


AT THE TABLE ---

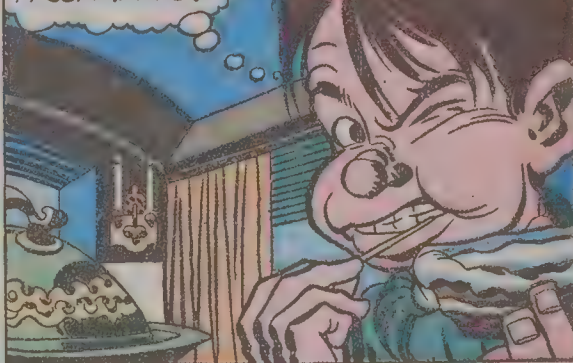
UMM YUM YUM!
GIMME SOME
MORE O' DEM
SALTY FISH
EGGS!

FISH EGGS?
YOU KNOW
GOOD AND WELL
THAT IS **CAVIAR!**

STOP EATING LIKE
A **PIG!** -- AND
TAKE THAT
RIDICULOUS
HAT OFF!



SO DIS IS WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO BE BORN WID A GOLD
SPOON IN YOUR MOUTH!
HMM -- WONDER HOW
GIDDY'S MAKIN' OUT
IN MY PLACE AS
A **COMMANDO?**



YES, HOW **IS** GIDDY MAKING OUT? ---

THIS IS THE
ADDRESS
BROOKLYN
GAVE ME!

HMMM -- I'LL HAVE TO THINK
OF A GOOD REASON WHY
BROOKLYN HAS "CHANGED"
SO MUCH OR THEY'LL
GET SUSPICIOUS!



HI, CHAPPIES! I
TRUST THAT RARE
ART OF BEING A
COMMANDO IS
PROGRESSING
SATISFACTORILY, EH?

BROOKLYN!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU!

WHAT?

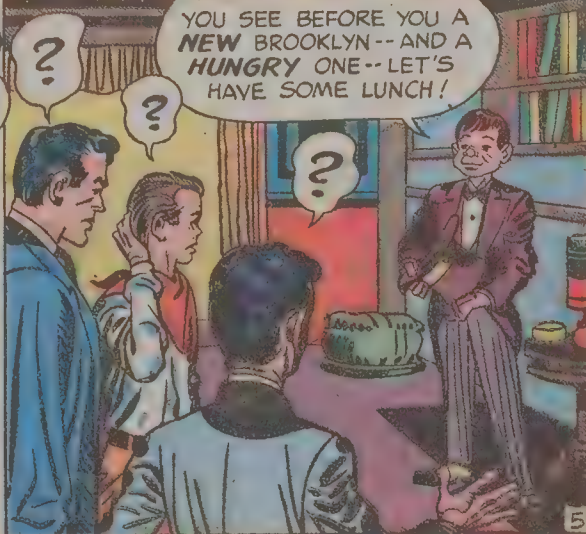


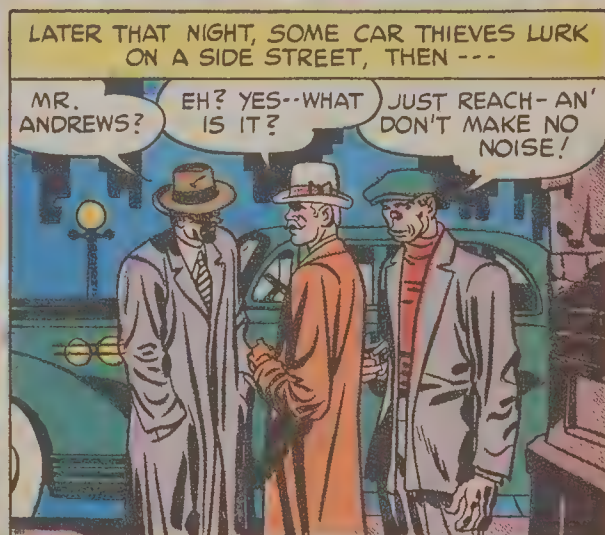
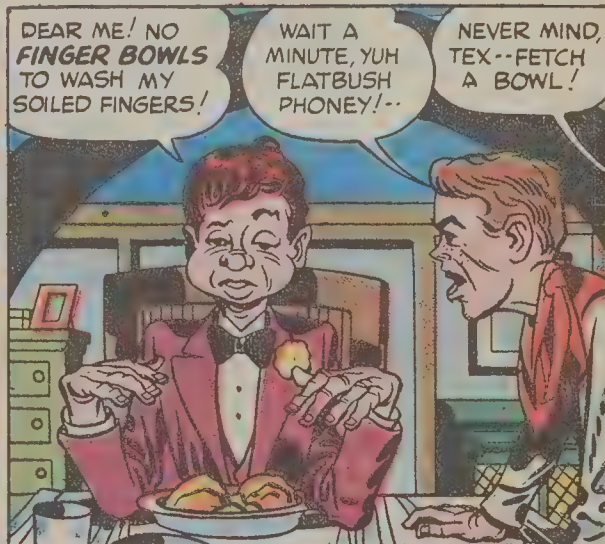
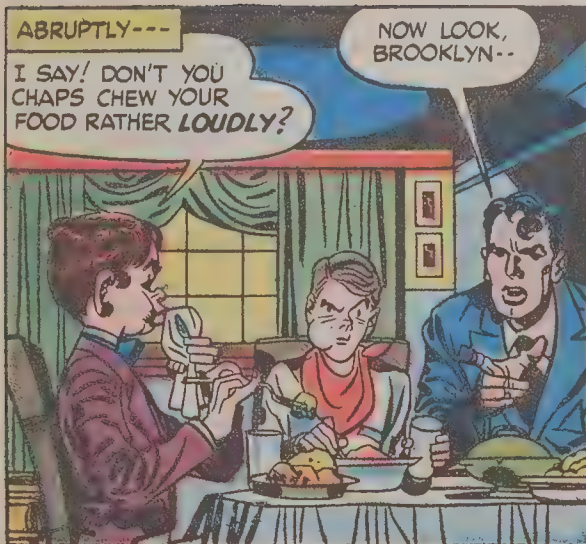
LOOK AT HIS
DUDS -- A
REAL MONKEY
SUIT!

AS OF NOW, I'M
CHANGING MY HABITS!
I AM SCHOOLING
MYSELF TO BECOME A
POLISHED GENTLEMAN!

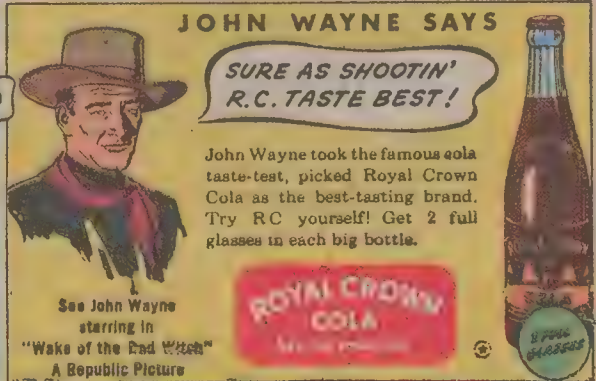
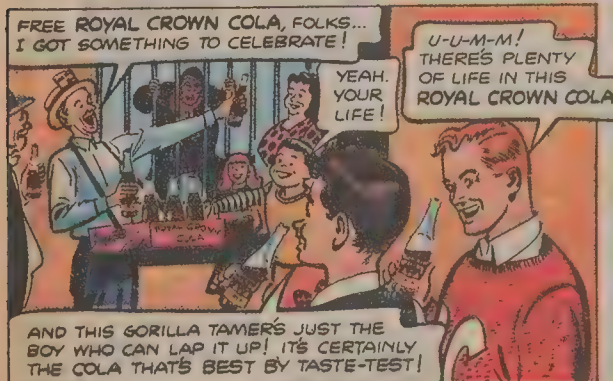
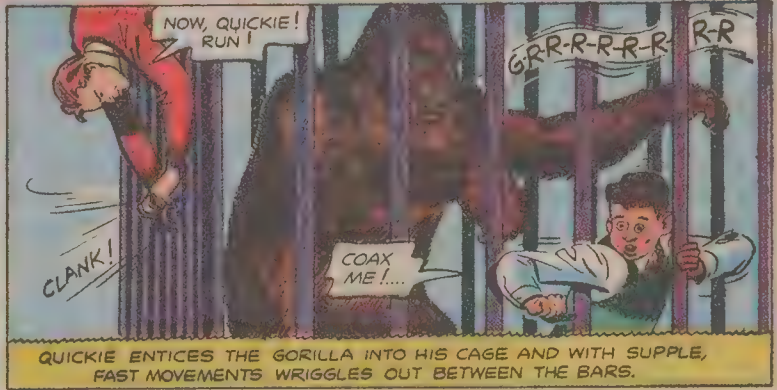
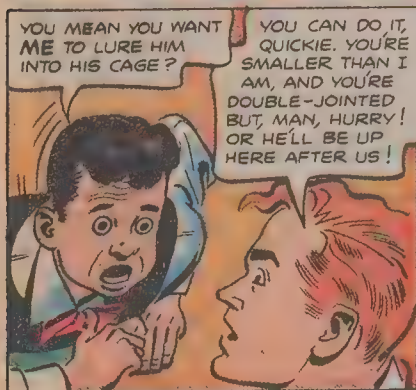
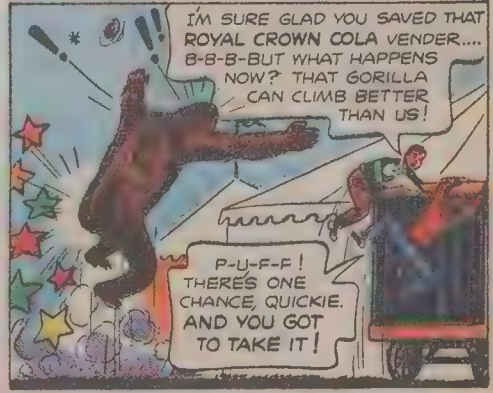


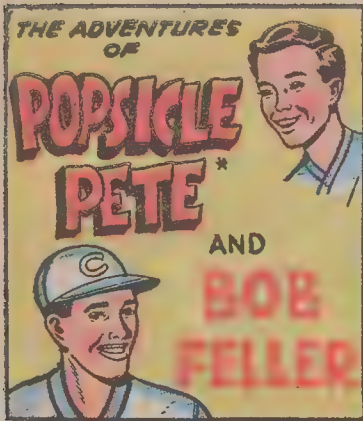
YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A
NEW BROOKLYN -- AND A
HUNGRY ONE -- LET'S
HAVE SOME LUNCH!



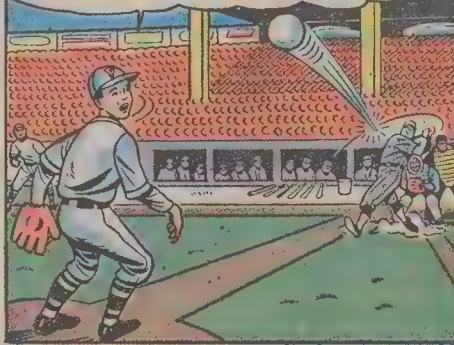


ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

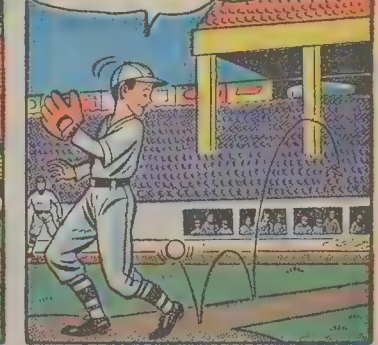




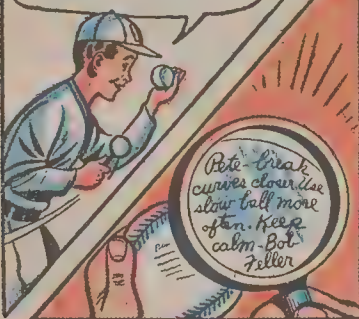
GOSH! THERE GOES ANOTHER HIT OFF MY PITCHING! HOW AM I EVER GOING TO STOP THESE BATTERS?



WHAT'S THIS? SOMEBODY IN THE GRANDSTAND IS TOSsing A BALL AT ME!

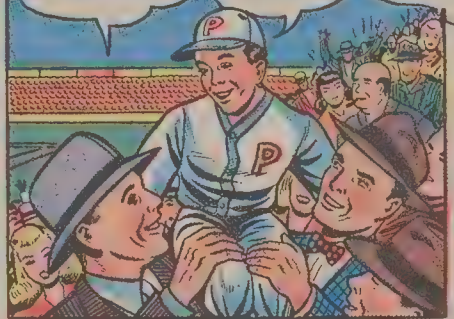


THERE'S SOME TINY WRITING ON IT! BOY, AM I GLAD I BROUGHT MY MAGNIFYING GLASS ALONG!



LATER

PETE! YOU'RE A HERO!



NOT ME! BOB FELLER IS THE REAL HERO!

GEE, BOB! THANKS FOR YOUR COACHING! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE HERE!

THAT'S OKAY, PETE! YOU DID A FINE JOB! I'M GLAD MY EXPERIENCE COULD HELP YOU!



ENJOY **Popsicle** **Fudgsicle** **CREAMSICLE**

and **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**

ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL **Genuine Bags** — THEY ALWAYS SAY —
"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

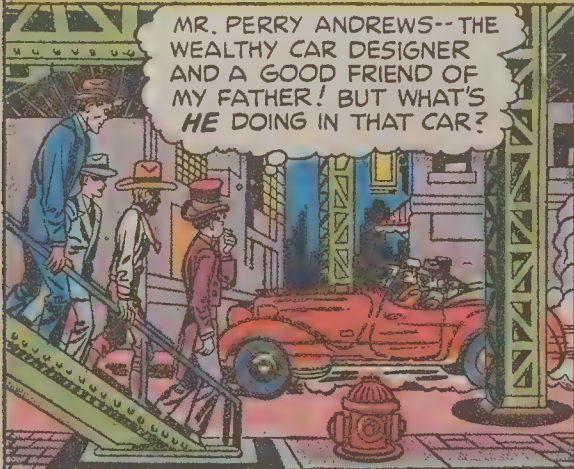
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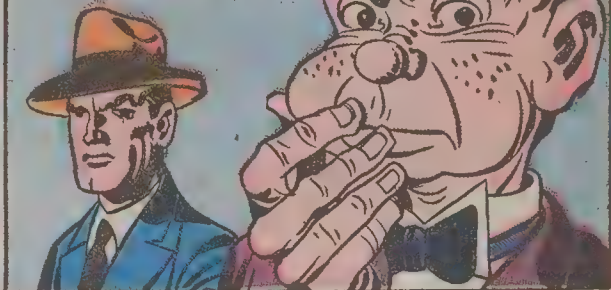


AT THE VERY MOMENT THE STOLEN CAR
PURRS UNDER THE EL TRACKS---



MR. PERRY ANDREWS--THE
WEALTHY CAR DESIGNER
AND A GOOD FRIEND OF
MY FATHER! BUT WHAT'S
HE DOING IN THAT CAR?

GRACIOUS! EVERYONE KNOWS
ANDREWS HATES FOREIGN
CARS WITH A RIGHT-HAND
STEERING WHEEL! HE'D
NEVER BE SEEN
DRIVING ONE OF
THOSE IMPORTED
CARS!



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE PSEUDO-BROOKLYN
HAILS A PASSING CAB---

BROOKLYN! WHAT
ON EARTH IS THIS?

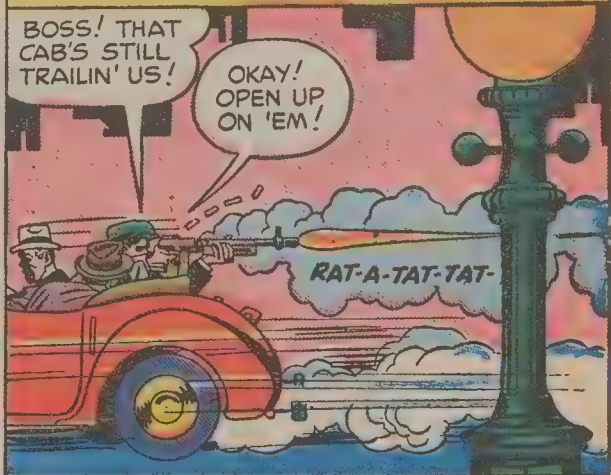
IT'S WHAT YOU CHAPS
CALL A "HUNCH"! PURSUE
THAT VEHICLE, DRIVER!



AFTER A MILE-A-MINUTE CHASE THROUGH
THE NIGHT---

BOSS! THAT
CAB'S STILL
TRAILIN' US!

OKAY!
OPEN UP
ON 'EM!



NOW'S OUR
CHANCE, BOYS!
JUMP!

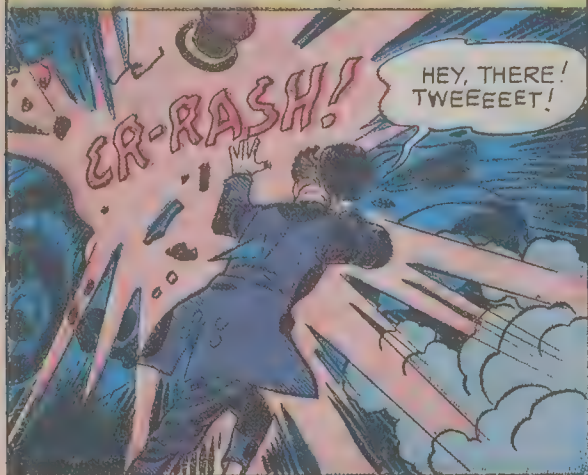
THEY'RE GRABBIN'
ONTO DA CAR!
GET 'EM!



WELL, WELL!
WHAT A SURPRISE
THIS IS!



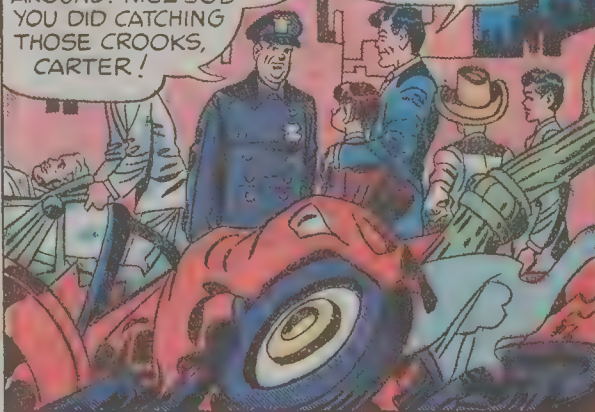
IN THE EXCITEMENT, ANDREWS LOSES CONTROL OF THE WHEEL, AND ---



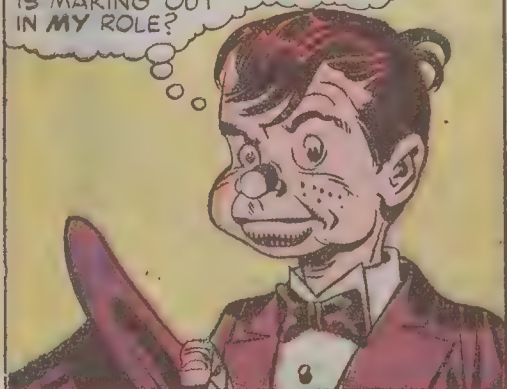
AND AFTER THE FRAY---

MR. ANDREWS IS OUT COLD--BUT HE'LL COME AROUND! NICE JOB YOU DID CATCHING THOSE CROOKS, CARTER!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT--**BROOKLYN** DID ALL THIS ON A HUNCH!



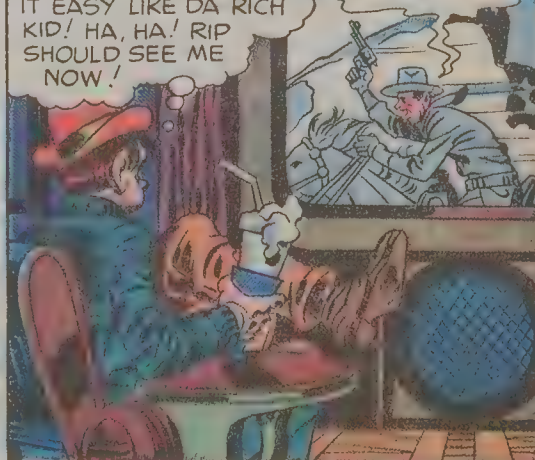
BEING ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THE TOP SOCIALITES IN MY CIRCLE SEEMS TO HAVE ITS MERITS! HMM--SPEAKING OF "SOCIALITE", I WONDER HOW BROOKLYN IS MAKING OUT IN MY ROLE?



WHAT *IS* BROOKLYN DOING? AT THE MOMENT, HE IS IN GIDEON'S PRIVATE SOUND-FILM STUDIO---

WOT A LIFE! NOBODY HOME AN' ME TAKIN' IT EASY LIKE DA RICH KID! HA, HA! RIP SHOULD SEE ME NOW!

C'MON, HOMBRES, LET'S RIDE!



WHILE OUTSIDE THE ESTATE---

YA SURE DIS JOB IS A CINCH, PETE?

YEAH-- I BEEN CHECKIN' DIS PLACE F'R A WEEK! IT'S DA SOIVANTS DAY OFF-- AN' DA FOLKS IS IN TOWN!



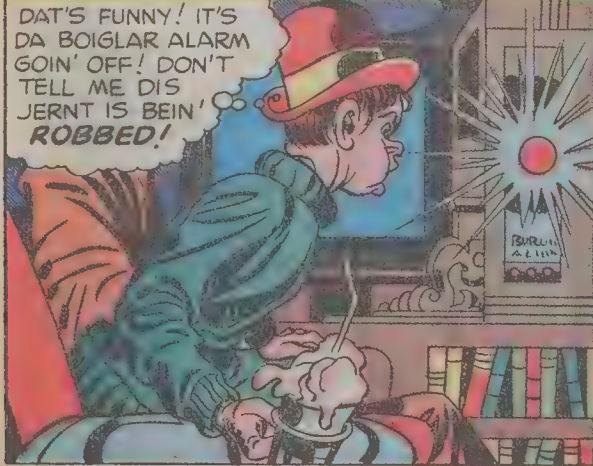
NO ONE HERE BUT DAT SISSY BRAT! WE CAN SCARE HIM TO DEATH BY JUST **POINTIN'** A GUN AT HIM! HO, HO!

WOW! SOME CLASSY SHACK! WE OUGHTTA MAKE A BIG HAUL HERE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE STUDIO, BROOKLYN
SUDDENLY SEES A RED LIGHT FLASH ON AND OFF!

DAT'S FUNNY! IT'S
DA BOIGLAR ALARM
GOIN' OFF! DON'T
TELL ME DIS
JERNT IS BEIN'
ROBBED!



THEN ---

IF I CIN ONLY
TIPTOE TO DA
PHONE, AN'---
OWCH!

PETE! IT'S
DA SISSY
KID!



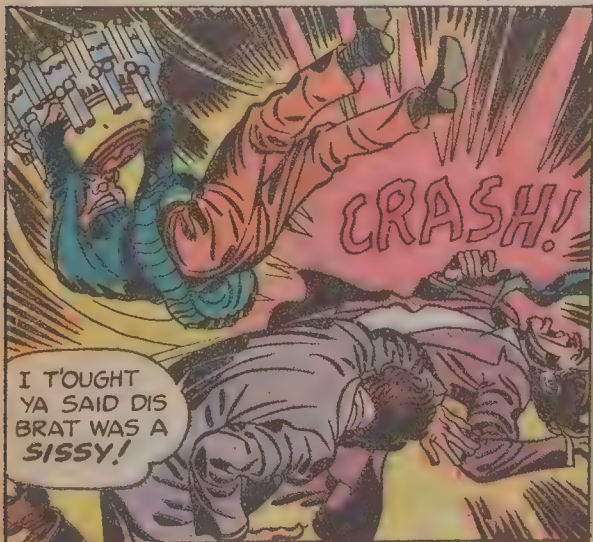
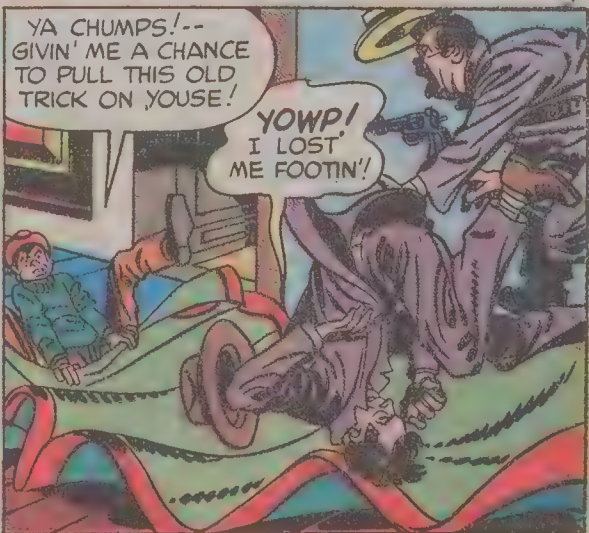
PSST! MAYBE HE'LL
PULL THAT OLD GAG
OF PULLING THE
RUG FROM UNDER US!

WHAT? A SOCIETY
BRAT LIKE HIM?
HE'D NEVER THINK
OF THAT!

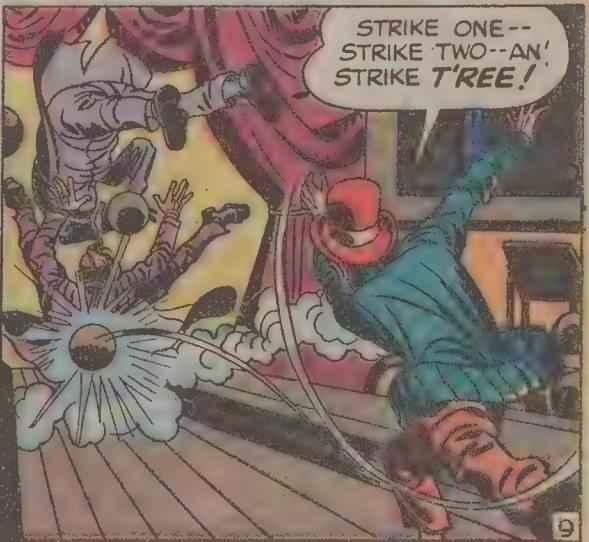


YA CHUMPS!--
GIVIN' ME A CHANCE
TO PULL THIS OLD
TRICK ON YOUSE!

YOWP!
I LOST
ME FOOTIN'!

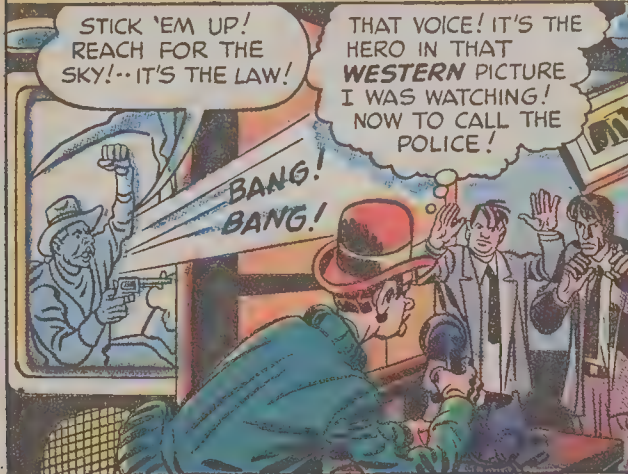


I T'UGHT
YA SAID DIS
BRAT WAS A
SISSY!

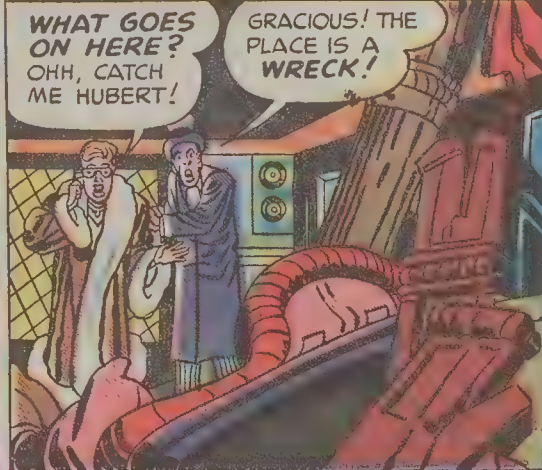


STRIKE ONE--
STRIKE TWO--AN'
STRIKE **T'REE!**

SUDDENLY-- AN IMPERATIVE COMMAND FLOATS IN FROM OUTSIDE ---



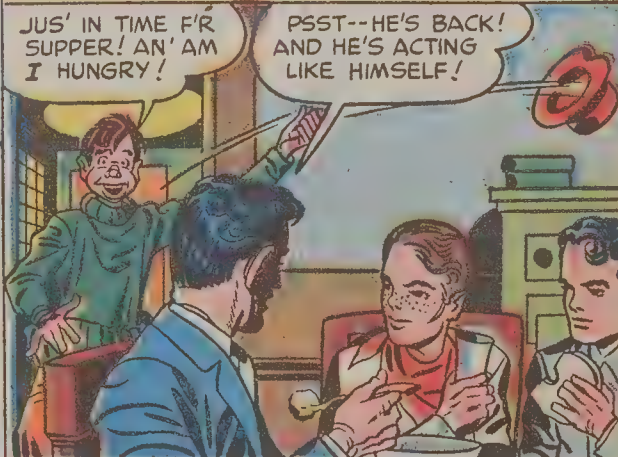
AND AFTER THE LAW ARRIVES, GIDEON'S PARENTS ARRIVE---



WHILE OUTSIDE ---



AND SO ENDS THE TALE OF TWO BROOKLYNS, EXCEPT THAT WHEN THE "REAL MCCOY" RETURNS HOME ---



AFTER DINNER ---





KEDS SHOCKPROOF ARCH CUSHION

SHOCK
PROOF
INSOLE



SHOCK-
PROOF
HEEL

Only Keds Have ALL These Features:

- Scientific Last lets toes grip for action
- Slanted two-piece tops; won't bind
- Smooth inside construction
- Balanced toughness throughout
- Traction Soles; non-marking
- Pull-proof eyelets
- Wash clean with soap and water

They're not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe



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BE SURE TO ASK FOR U. S. KEDS
THE NAME IS ON THE SHOE

U.S. Keds
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The Shoe of Champions

MADE ONLY BY



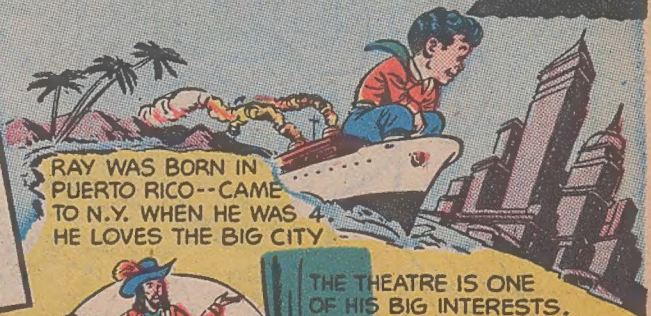
UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

RAY WEIR VOTED "Most Popular Boy"

In His Class at JOAN
of ARC Jr. High
School, New York City

RAY WEIR won a whole string of class honors! He's "most popular," "smartest," "easiest to get along with," and "most likely to succeed" according to his schoolmates. A talented athlete and actor, as well as a top student, he hopes to attend Columbia University after completing high school. Ray has worn Thom McAn shoes for years; he selected, as his favorite, the smart style shown below.

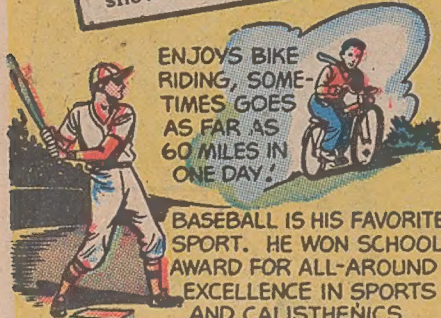


THE THEATRE IS ONE OF HIS BIG INTERESTS. HE ACTS IN SCHOOL PLAYS, SPENT A SEASON WITH A SUMMER THEATRE

RAY'S DOG "WHITEY"



ENJOYS BIKE RIDING, SOMETIMES GOES AS FAR AS 60 MILES IN ONE DAY!



RAY'S CHOICE OF THE LATEST THOM MCAN SHOES IS THIS "DRESS-UP" STYLE IN RICH GRAINED LEATHER. (BOYS' STYLE NO. X-21; MEN'S STYLE NO. 408.)



Thom McAn



WHAT IS AMERICA'S 3-TO-1 FAVORITE?

YOUNG PEOPLE ALL OVER AMERICA WERE RECENTLY ASKED TO NAME THEIR MOST POPULAR BRAND OF SHOE. MORE THAN 3

TIMES AS MANY PICKED THOM MCAN AS THE NEXT NEAREST RIVAL! WHAT AN HONOR! -- BUT THOM MCAN HAS EARNED IT BY GIVING BOYS AND GIRLS HANDSOME "GROWN UP" STYLES AND MORE VALUE FOR THEIR MONEY. NEXT TIME YOU NEED SHOES, BE WISE. GO "WHERE THE GANG GOES" -- TO THE FRIENDLY GREEN-AND-WHITE THOM MCAN STORE NEAREST YOUR HOME.

Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES



**LOOK FOR THEM
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSTAND!**



**YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS
THESE BRAND NEW ISSUES!**



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Right from the first luscious bite, there is no treat to compare
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golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel ... and soft,
chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk ...
truly a rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

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SCANNING
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